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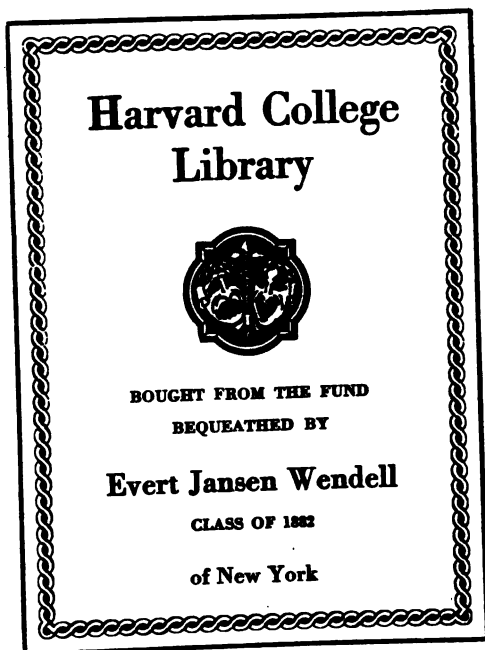
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"F I E S K O,"

OR

THE CONSPIRACY OF GENOA,

An Historical Tragedy,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?

SHAKESPEARE.

DUBLIN:
RICHARD MILLIKEN AND SON,
104, GRAFTON-STREET.

1832.

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TO
EDWARD LYTTON BULWER,
THE LOOKED FOR REVIVER
OF ENGLISH TRAGEDY,
AND WHOSE DRAMATIC POWERS
THOUGH THEY SLEEP,
(LIKE STARS IN THE DEEP WATERS)
RENDER HIS NAME
WORTHY OF A PLACE
IN THE SAME PAGE WITH THAT OF
SCHILLER,
THIS TRANSLATION IS DEDICATED
BY A PROFOUND ADMIRER
OF HIS GENIUS.

TO THE READER.

THERE are a thousand faults in this play, but they are redeemed by a thousand beauties, if these last indeed have been permitted to survive in any degree in the present translation. The quick succession of incident, the force and variety of the characters, and the depth and richness of the dramatic colouring, are among the most splendid specimens of Schiller's power. But in opposition to this, it is but fair to place, the redundancy and vehemence of the sentiments, (carried often to exaggeration,) and above all, the violence done to a refined taste by many of the situations, and which even the strictness of their

moral tendency is not always sufficient to excuse. These, however, are the peculiarities of the German language, and also of the German school, for which the English reader must be prepared to make allowance. Perhaps in no play of Schiller's, has he more fully exhibited the faults as well as the beauties of his style, and it is no small motive with the translator in offering the present version to the public, to place Both in juxtaposition, for the benefit of those, who may desire to imitate the one, and to avoid the other.

There is a feeling and imagination about Schiller, that give, even to his prose, all the glow and character of poetry. The Translator has sought to meet this, by rendering the more elevated and less conversational scenes in blank verse, a liberty for which he might plead the highest authority, were he not afraid that this would only expose his temerity to increased condemnation. It is now too late to remember that the Enchanter's wand replies only to the touch of the Enchanter, and loses its mystic virtue in unhallowed hands!

For the rest, the Translator is too painfully alive to his own deficiencies, to seek to disarm criticism by an affected modesty, or to invite it by unbecoming presumption. None can understand the difficulties he has had to contend with, but They who are acquainted with the German language; who are conversant with the boldness of its imagery, the energy of its declamation, the concentrated force of its compound words, and the winged beauty of its many coloured and ever varying epithets.

To the considerate indulgence of Those, he fearlessly commits himself, while he ventures to remind his severer Judges, that the office of a Translator although humble, is not mean, if, like an inferior Artist who copies from a Master, he shall succeed in giving only an accurate outline of his original, while he leaves it to the taste and imagination of the Reader, to finish and fill up the glowing Picture.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE Account of this Conspiracy has been taken principally from "*La Conjuration du Comte Jean Louis de Fiesque*," by the Cardinal de Retz, from *L'Histoire des Conjurations*, *L'Histoire de Genes*, and from Robertson's History of Charles V. Vol. 3. The Hamburg Dramatist will readily forgive the liberties I have used with the original narrative, provided these liberties have succeeded. If they have failed, I can only rejoice that I have sacrificed, on this occasion, my own inventions, in preference to historical facts.

It was necessary to alter entirely the real catastrophe, in which the Count, by an unex-

pected accident, is deprived of life at the moment he has attained the completion of his wishes, because the nature of the Drama does not admit the finger of Chance or the immediate and visible interposition of Providence, in the accomplishment of its objects. I should have been surprised, indeed, that no Tragic Writer has hitherto made choice of this subject, if I did not find a solution of the difficulty in this undramatic termination.

Superior Intelligence, where Man sees only the insulated fact, contemplates every action in its finest and most delicate ramifications, tracks its influence throughout the system, and connects by its consequences, the future with the past: but the Artist must adapt his views to the short-sightedness of Humanity which he is desirous to instruct, not to the wisdom of Providence to which he bows.

In my "Robbers" I have chosen for a subject the victim of a diseased and morbid sensibility. Here I have fixed upon its opposite, the victim of artifice and intrigue, for an example. But in

the very degree that the fatal termination of Fiesko's project has rendered it remarkable and distinguished in History, in the same degree I am aware it may be found tame and uninteresting on the Theatre.

If it be true that *Feeling* can alone awaken *Feeling*, then it would seem that the *Political* Hero must be always an unfit subject for dramatic representation; and that too in proportion as the qualities of the Man are overshadowed and debased by those of the Politician. It is this circumstance that has operated powerfully against me, since it has prevented me from breathing over my story that glow of moral sensibility which forms the charm of all enthusiasm, and is the foundation of all dramatic success. In depicting the hollow craft and calculating policy of the Statesman, I have been often compelled to lose sight of the finer qualities of the Man, and my only chance of reviving an interest in my audience, has been by portraying the selfishness of Ambition in conjunction with loftier and better

feelings, and by grafting its nothingness and vanity upon the purest sentiments, as well as the noblest passions of the human mind.

This has been my object. My acquaintance with familiar and humble life has given me a greater knowledge of the Heart than of the Cabinet, and perhaps it is for this reason, that the Political Weakness of Fiesko will be found allied in some degree with the Poetry of Virtue.

F I E S K O.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANDRE-AS DORIA, Doge of Genoa.

GIANETTINO DORIA, his Nephew.

FIESKO, Count Lavagna, Chief of the Conspiracy.

VERRINA,	}	Conspirators.
BOURGONINO,		
KALZAGNO,		
SACCO,		

LOMELLINO, Gianettino Doria's Confidant.

ZENTURIONE,	}	Disaffected Noblemen.
ZIBO,		
ASSEBATO,		

MULEY HASSAN, a Moor.

ROMANO, a Painter.

Germans of the Doge's Body Guard.

LEONORA, Fiesko's Wife.

JULIA, Gianettino Doria's Sister.

BERTHA, Verrina's Daughter.

ROSA and BELLA, Leonora's Waiting Women.

Other Noblemen and Citizens.—Servants, &c.

The Scene lies in Genoa.—Time—the Middle of the 16th Century,

Anno 1557.

Both the Dorias wear Scarlet.—The rest of the Nobility, Black.

The Costume throughout is Old German.



F I E S K O.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Saloon at FIESKO'S.—Music and the noise of a Ball heard at a distance. Enter LEONORA (masked.)—ROSA and BELLA following her (in great agitation.)

LEONORA.

(Tearing off the mask.) No more! Not a word more!
It is but too evident. *(Throwing herself into a chair.)*
This has completely overcome me!

ARABELLA.

But, my Lady!—

LEONORA.

(*Rising.*) Before my eyes, too! a notorious coquette!
In presence of Genoa's whole nobility! (*strongly affected.*)
Rosa! Bella! Think of that—before my sorrowing
eyes!

ROSA.

See this business in its proper light, I entreat you—a
mere piece of gallantry.

LEONORA.

Gallantry! The busy correspondence of their eyes; the
anxious vigilance of his attentions! The long continued
kiss imprinted with such fire upon her naked arm, that still
the glowing mark remains there! Was this mere gallan-
try! Ah! and the enraptured look, with which, like
painted Ecstasy, he gazed on her, as if the world itself had
fallen away around them, and nought but he and Julia had
survived!—Gallantry! you, my good girl, who have never
loved, must not dispute with me between gallantry and
affection!

ROSA.

So much the better, Madonna.—To lose one husband, is
to gain at least ten gallants.—

LEONORA.

Lose him! what! one little spark of inconstancy, and Fiesko lost! Begone, ill-tempered babbler! come no more into my presence—an innocent frolic! perhaps only a mere piece of gallantry! What say *you* Bella?—

BELLA.

Entirely so—depend upon it—nothing else, Madam!

LEONORA.

(Lost in thought.) But has she then really usurped my place in his affections? Does the name of Julia *only* animate each thought, each action of his being? Is the wide world as nothing to him? or does he consider the great creation, as a precious diamond, on which her picture stands *alone* encyphered? But what is this? Whither do my apprehensions lead me? Can he then really love her? Is Leonora quite forgotten? and for whom? for Julia?—Lend me your arm—support me Bella!

(Pause of some moments; Music again heard at a distance.)

LEONORA.

(Starting.) Listen! was not that Fiesko's voice, that issued from the crowd? And can *he* rejoice in public while

his Leonora weeps in solitude? But no—it is not so—it was Gianettino Doria's rude voice I heard!

ARABELLA.

It was, Signora;—but come into another room, I beg.

LEONORA.

Ah! you change colour, Bella—you have told a falsehood.—I read in your eyes, and in the countenances of my friends in general, a something—a something.—(*Covering her face with her hands.*) Alas! I fear—these friends know more than it would well become a wife to listen to.

ROSA.

These are the exaggerated fears of jealousy.

LEONORA.

(*Musing.*) When he was yet a youth—how beautiful was his first appearance in the Orange Grove, where we, girls, were playing.—The blooming freshness of Apollo, united with the manly graces of Antinous;—his step was proud and dignified—his figure majestic and engaging;—he seemed as if the mighty Genoa, already rested on his youthful shoulders.—At stolen glances we admired his beauty (as if the theft were sacrilege,) and when the lustre of his eyes met ours, we hastily and tremblingly withdrew

them.—Heavens, with what eagerness we devoured his looks!—They fell among us like the apples of discord, and each became the object of our contention. It was then first the poison of envy infected the pleasures of youth!—The magic of love overcame the endearments of friendship—every eye glistened with rapture, every bosom throbbed wild with delight, but jealousy had entered the circle, and concord and peace were no more!

ARABELLA.

I remember it perfectly, there was a general contest among the women for his affections.

LEONORA (*with enthusiasm.*)

And now to call him mine—mine—the noblest and the first of Genoa's citizens, who sprang completed from the hand of nature, and started into life, at once the model of his sex's greatness; in whom the softest and the manliest virtues are all so sweetly blended and combined, that every voice has stamped him with perfection.—Mine! unlooked for happiness! too great, too exquisite to last. Hear me, women, I have something to entrust to you! I can no longer keep it secret:—

When I stood at the altar with Fiesko, his hand close

locked in mine, a thought then struck me! A thought too daring for a woman's soul, and to our sex forbidden:—
“That this Fiesko!—*my* Fiesko, whose hand I clasped in mine,——(but hush! let no one listen to the mournful tale that robs him of his greatness,)——I thought that this Fiesko!—*my* Fiesko!—Oh, could you feel as I do!—*would rid unhappy Genoa of its tyrant!*”

ARABELLA.

And this idea occurred to the bride at the altar!

LEONORA.

You may well be surprised at it.—To the bride, in the moment of her nuptials.—(*with fire.*)

It's true I am a woman, but I feel the nobility of my family, and I cannot bear to see the house of Doria aspire above the level of our ancestors. Andre-as is indeed a good old man—so mild, so just, so generous. One cannot but admire his virtues, and willingly submit to his authority. But Gianettino is his nephew and his heir. *His* temper is haughty and despotic; Genoa trembles at his frown, and Fiesko, (share in my distresses) Fiesko——languishes for his sister.

ARABELLA.

. You are, indeed, to be pitied, Signora !

LEONORA.

Go now, and behold this demigod of Genoa sunk in the shameless circles of debauchery and dissipation.—Be witness to the levity of his manners. Give ear to the ribaldry of his discourses, and then, be mindful of *my* sufferings and misfortunes.

This is Fiesko ! This is Leonora's partner. Oh, women ! not only has Genoa lost her hero—I too have lost my spouse !

ROSA.

Speak lower ; some one is coming through the gallery.

LEONORA (*starting.*)

It is Fiesko.—Quick let us begone. The sight of me might damp his pleasures, and give him, for a moment, up to sorrow.—I will not pain him for an instant.

[*She springs into a side apartment, her Attendants following her.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter GIANETTINO DORIA (masked; green mantle,) and
a Moor, in conversation.*

GIANETTINO.

You understand me !

MOOR.

Perfectly —

GIANETTINO.

The White Mask.—

MOOR.

Right !

GIANETTINO.

I say—the White Mask.

MOOR.

Right—right.

GIANETTINO.

Do you hear.—It is *here* only, (*pointing to his heart,*)
you can be sure of him.

MOOR.

Don't be alarmed—I'll do his business.

GIANETTINO.

Strike home, I do desire you.

MOOR.

Depend upon it—He shall be satisfied.

GIANETTINO.

(*Maliciously.*) But let not the poor Count be long in pain.

MOOR.

One word if you please—what may I expect for my trouble?

GIANETTINO.

A hundred sequins.

MOOR.

(*Blowing his fingers.*) Pooh a mere trifle!

GIANETTINO.

What's that you say?

MOOR.

I say, it's a trifling business.

GIANETTINO.

That's *your* concern! This man's a perfect magnet, he attracts all the disaffected in Genoa round his person. Do you hear sirrah! Be sure you fail not.

MOOR.

But, Sir, I must be off immediately to Venice.

GIANETTINO.

Then take your recompense before hand. (*Throwing him a purse.*)

In three days more at most, he must be *cold*. (*Exit.*)

MOOR.

(*Picking up the purse.*) Well, this is credit with a vengeance!—What a glorious thing it is to have a good character.—The gentleman takes my word without a bond.—
(*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

Enter KALKAGNO; SACCO (following him,) both habited in black.

KALKAGNO.

I observe you watch all my motions.

SACCO.

And *I* observe *you* study to conceal them. For some weeks past, Kalkagno, your countenance has betrayed a something that argues nothing favorable to your country. I think, brother, you and I might venture to exchange our secrets, and neither be a loser by the bargain. Will you be sincere?

KALKAGNO.

So much so, that should my heart be fearful to disclose its foibles, my tongue shall thus be bold to utter them:—

“I love the Countess Fiesko!”

SACCO.

(*Drawing back.*) Ah! this is indeed a discovery. It is of all others the very last thing I should have suspected. Your choice has indeed surprised me, but the success of it is still wanting to complete the measure of my astonishment.

KALKAGNO.

They say, she is a model of the strictest virtue.

SACCO.

They lie; she is nothing more than a long comment on the old text.—Depend upon't, you'll find her like the rest,—a very woman.—But one word Kalkagno, either give up your profession or your hopes.

KALKAGNO.

The Count is faithless to her, and jealousy's a sly procuress. An attempt upon the Dorias will engage Fiesko's attention, and at the same time furnish *me* with employment in the castle, and while he is endeavouring to overturn *their* authority abroad, I shall use my best exertions to undermine *her* innocence at home.

SACCO.

Excellently imagined! In truth, Kalkagno, you deserve my thanks for your sincerity; for it has spared me the pain of blushing at my own. What I have hitherto been ashamed, *even to think*, I can now have no difficulty in openly avowing; either *I*, or the present Government, must fall.

KALKAGNO.

What! are your debts so great?

SACCO.

So very great, that in a thousand years, I could not hope to liquidate them. A change in the administration can alone relieve me. Since though it may not furnish me with the means of *paying*, it will at all events deprive my creditors of the power of *demanding*.

KALKAGNO.

I understand you! and in the end, when Genoa obtains her freedom by it, Sacco will be hailed "the father of his country." I like to hear of tales of honesty and deeds of patriotism, when the bankruptcy of a prodigal, and the licentiousness of a libertine, decide upon a country's welfare!

I'faith Sacco, you have taught me to admire the wisdom

*

of that Providence that so often preserves the body's health by the noxious humours which invade its members. Is Verrina acquainted with your design?

SACCO.

He knows as much of it, as a Patriot ought to know. Genoa's freedom is the object round which his thoughts revolve with iron constancy. His generous soul clings to the fond idea, and nourishes the hope with unabated fervour; his eye just now is turned upon Fiesko; *you too*, he hopes to draw into his views.

KALKAGNO.

His penetration's admirable! Let us go and seek for him, and stimulate his ardour by our own.—(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter JULIA (hastily,) FIESKO in a white domino following her.

JULIA.

Here waiters—valets!

FIESKO.

But where are you going Countess?—What is the matter?

JULIA.

Nothing—nothing in the least! (*To a servant that enters.*) My carriage immediately!

FIESKO.

Indeed I cannot allow it; permit me to explain matters—there appears to have been some offence.

JULIA.

Pooh Pooh! nothing of the kind—I desire you'll leave me.—You are tearing my dress to pieces.—Offence indeed! I should be glad to know who there is here that can or *dare* offend?—Begone, I beg sir.

FIESKO.

(*Dropping on one knee.*) Not till you tell me who has
dared

JULIA.

(*Looking at him stedfastly with her hands on her sides.*)

Very fine upon my word! It's a pity the Countess of Lavagna is not here to witness this charming spectacle.— But what is this, my Lord! Where is the husband now? *That* attitude would be much better employed in your Lady's boudoir, when she looks over the calendar of your caresses, and upbraids you with a deficiency in the reckoning. Rise, Sir, I desire you. Have recourse to Ladies who are easier conquests. I beg you'll rise immediately. Or do you mean this specious gallantry should compensate for your wife's impertinence?

FIESKO.

(*Springing up.*) Impertinence!

JULIA.

To break up in that manner!—to throw down her chair! to turn her back to the table—the table, Count, at which *I* was seated!

FIESKO.

It is inexcusable I confess.

JULIA.

And is it no more than that? The creature! And am I to blame then (*bridling*) if the Count thinks proper to fix his eyes upon me?

FIESKO.

Your beauty is to blame, Madonna, that he is unable to fix them any where else.

JULIA.

No complimenting Count, where my honor is in question. I demand redress; am I to look for it from you, or seek it in the offended dignity of the Purple?

FIESKO.

No, Julia, seek it rather in the arms of love, which begs you to forgive the faults of jealousy.

JULIA.

Jealousy—jealousy! What would the woman have then? Is not my approbation of her taste, the highest compliment? (*proudly.*) Doria! Fiesco! Methinks the Countess of Lavagna should feel highly honored, if Julia deigned to envy

•

her her choice. (*Familiarly offering him her hand to kiss.*)
I suppose for a moment the possibility of such a case, Count!

FIESKO.

How can you thus torment me Julia?—I know my only feelings towards you, should be those of reverence!—My reason bids me bend a suppliant's knee before the blood of Doria, but still my heart adores and dares to love you.—My passion may indeed be criminal, but it is likewise noble and aspiring.—It soars beyond the boundaries of rank, and wings its towering flight even to the sun of majesty and power!

JULIA.

Heavens! what an exaggerated falsehood! His tongue proclaims me a divinity, while his faithless heart beats beneath the picture of another.

FIESKO.

Rather it beats unwillingly Signora, and humbly begs you to release its duty. (*Taking off Leonora's miniature, which is suspended by a sky-blue ribband, and delivering it over to her.*) Place but your heavenly portrait on this altar, (*laying his hand upon his heart,*) and yon poor idol will be soon forgotten!

•

JULIA.

(*Hastily pocketing the picture.*) This is indeed a noble sacrifice, and well deserves my thanks. (*She throws her portrait over her neck.*) So slave, henceforth be *this* the livery of your master !

(*Exit running.*)

FIESKO.

(*With fire.*) Julia loves me ! Julia ! I envy not a god.

(*In a strain of wild enthusiasm.*)

This night be a night of jubilee !

Hillo there ! (*Enter crowd of attendants.*)

Let Cyprian nectar flow with circling freedom,

Let music wake the midnight from its slumber,

And thousand blazing lamps deride the dawn ;

The joy be general, and the feast be princely ;

High bid the dancers spring, and shake the gay

Surrounding spheres with gladness !

(*He hurries off. A burst of music is suddenly heard, when an inner curtain rises and displays a large illuminated saloon, with masques, &c. dancing. On each side card tables, refreshments, &c. ———*)

SCENE V.

GIANETTINO DORIA, (*half intoxicated*,)—LOMELLINO—
ZIBO—ZENTURIONE—VERRINA—SACCO—KALKAGNO—
(*all masked*.) Crowd of Ladies and Nobility.

GIANETTINO.

(*Boisterously*.) Bravo! Bravo! I'faith, these wines are excellent; mark how the dancers bound! Go one of you through Genoa and tell the citizens that I'm in spirits; bid them rejoice and fear not. By Heavens they'll mark the day down in the calendar, and say, "This day was Doria merry."

SEVERAL GUESTS.

(*Raising their glasses*.) The Republic!

(*Trumpet flourish*.)

GIANETTINO.

(*Dashing his glass violently on the ground*.) There lie the fragments!

(Three black Masques move hastily forward and surround

GIANETTINO.)

LOMELLINO.

(Drawing the Prince out of the circle.) My Lord, you were telling me the other day, of a Lady you met with at Saint Lorenzo's.

GIANETTINO.

I *was*, my boy, and I must get acquainted with her.

LOMELLINO.

I can easily manage that business.

GIANETTINO.

Can you—can you indeed, Lomellino? You were canvassing the other day for the dignity of Procurator—you shall have it.

LOMELLINO.

My Lord! it is the second in the state; upwards of sixty of the first nobility are now contending for it—How then can *I* expect it?

GIANETTINO.

(Fiercely.) Thunder and Doria! I say you *shall* be Procurator.

*

(*The three Masques advance towards him.*) Nobility in Genoa!—a pretty farce indeed! Let them throw all their ancestry and heraldry into the scale together, one single hair from old Andreas' silver beard's enough to turn the balance. *I will*, that you be Procurator—that's as much as all the senate's voices!

LOMELLINO.

(*Speaking low.*) The girl is the only daughter of a certain Verrina.

GIANETTINO.

The girl is handsome, that's enough for me, and spite of all the devils in hell I'll see her.

LOMELLINO.

But consider, my Lord, she is the only daughter of a most obstinate republican.

GIANETTINO.

Go to the devil with your republicans! What! a vassal's anger interrupt *my* passion! It were as well to say, the church must fall if boys threw pebbles at it. Was it for this, that old Andreas received his scars, and shed his blood in battle, that *I*, his nephew, should humbly beg a boon from these republicans?

... Thunder and Doria ! This frolic's but a trifle, and if they don't submit to it with patience, I'll raise a gallows on my Uncle's bones, and gibbet their expiring freedom there.
(*The three Masques retire again.*)

LOMELLINO.

The girl is now alone ; her father's here, and one of those three Masques.

GIANETTINO.

That's lucky, Lomellino—conduct me to her instantly.

LOMELLINO.

I will, my Lord ! but I fear you expect to meet a mistress, and will only find a prude.

GIANETTINO.

Force is the best persuasion—show me the way directly—
I should be glad to see the man that dares oppose Prince Doria's progress. (*Enter FIESKO meeting him at the door.*)

GIANETTINO.

Where is the Countess ?

FIESKO.

I have this moment seen her to her carriage.

(*He takes Gianettino's hand and presses it to his breast.*)

*

My Prince, I now am doubly bound to you; for while Gianettino reigns supreme above my head, his lovely sister triumphs o'er my heart.

LOMELLINO.

Fiesko is become of late a perfect man of gallantry. The Ladies *now* engage his whole attention—the other half the world is nothing to him.

FIESKO.

Nothing I confess. To live is to dream, Lomellino; and to live well, to dream agreeably. Say is it easier to do this amid the jarring factions of a throne, or in the maddening tumult of the world, than on the panting bosom of a lovely woman? Let Prince Gianettino reign in Genoa, Fiesko's only pleasure is to love.

GIANETTINO.

We must begone, Lomellino, 'tis nearly midnight. The hour is almost come! Thanks for your entertainment, good Lavagna. I have been highly gratified.

FIESKO.

That's all I could desire.

GIANETTINO.

And so good night—to-morrow there's a party at the palace. We shall be glad to see you—come along Procurator!

FIESKO.

Music! Lights there!

GIANETTINO.

(*Jostling the three Masks.*) Way there for Doria!

ONE OF THE MASKS ASIDE.

(*With an indignant murmur.*) In hell, but not in Genoa!

GUESTS.

(*In motion.*) The Prince is retiring—Good night, good night, Lavagna!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.

THE THREE BLACK MASKS—FIESKO.

(A pause of some moments.)

FIESKO.

I observe here some guests that do not seem to share the pleasures of my entertainment.

MASKS.

(Sullenly.) Not one of them!

FIESKO.

(Obligingly.) I should be sorry were a single Genoese to leave me discontented. Be quick there servants!—renew the dance, and fill the foaming goblets!—Shall I amuse you with a show of fireworks, or raise your spirits with a pantomime?—Perhaps you would like to go among the ladies, or shall we take a hand at Faro, and deceive the time at play?

ONE OF THE MASKS.

We are wont to nourish it with deeds !

FIESKO.

By heavens a manly answer !—that's Verrina.

VERRINA (*unmasking.*)

Fiesko knows his friends more easy in their masks,
Than they know him in *his*.

FIESKO.

I do not understand you ! but what's the meaning of this
crape about your arm ? Can Verrina have sustained a loss
to which Fiesko is a stranger ?

VERRINA.

Bad news would suit but ill Fiesko's joyful
Entertainments !

FIESKO.

Yet, when a friend has suffered, Fiesko surely would
partake his griefs.—Friend of my heart (*pressing his hand
with fervour*) say what loss is this that claims our *mutual*
sorrow ?

VERRINA.

Mutual indeed—too true, but every son
Mourns not alike his mother.

FIESKO.

(*Smiling.*) Your mother died not yesterday—she has been long in heaven!

VERRINA.

(*Significantly.*)

There was a time Fiesko called me Brother,
Because I styled myself my *country's* son.

FIESKO.

(*Laughing.*) Oh is that it! a pretty joke indeed, in mourning then for Genoa! In truth its almost over with her; but the idea's a good one.—(*To the other Masks.*) Our friend is grown quite waggish lately!

KALKAGNO.

(*Unmasking.*) He spoke it notwithstanding, very seriously.

FIESKO.

There lies the beauty of it; a joke is nothing when the jester laughs. He hit it off most excellently. With what a fine funereal look, and tragic tone he uttered it!

SACCO.

Come Verrina, 'tis in vain to talk to him.

FIESKO.

But be not downcast in reality, I beg you, let's rather look

like heirs to an estate, who follow sorrowing behind the hearse, and secretly enjoy the lucky funeral. It's true, we may in this case, pay something for our hypocrisy, but should our country prove a step-mother, we'll leave her to herself and live for pleasure.

VERRINA.

(*Strongly affected.*) And live for pleasure!
Great God! to what art thou reduced Fiesco?
Where shall I find the glow of liberty,
That once with patriot fervour warm'd thy bosom?
Is it then really fled? Good heav'n there *was* a time,
When e'en to *talk* of Kings, had giv'n thee convulsions—
Son of thy country!—Whither art thou gone?
Thy spirit wasted, and thy virtue faded.—
What hast thou now to boast of? Oh Fiesco,
Thou hast much to answer for.—If time can thus
Degenerate the mind, and wear away its greatness,
I give up all *my* claims to immortality
And ask—eternal sleep!

FIESKO.

Come, come, be not uneasy about trifles. Let him put Genoa in his pocket, or sell it to an Algerine Corsair. What's that to us. You recollect our motto—"Wine and women."

VERRINA.

(Firing him stedfastly.)

Are those your serious sentiments Fiesko?

FIESKO.

Why not my friend? Is there then really so much pleasure in being a slave to that curst animal, called "Republic." Ought we not rather to thank those, who by converting it to monarchy, have kindly fixed the burden on themselves, and spared us such annoyance! Gianettino Doria will soon be Duke; and state affairs will hardly turn *our* senses.

VERRINA.

Fiesko,

Again I ask, are these your *serious* sentiments?

FIESKO.

Andre-as will declare his nephew successor to his power, and who's the fool to call *his* right in question?

VERRINA.

(Covering his face with his hands, and in a tone of heartfelt sorrow.)

Then let's begone my countrymen!

(He rushes out, the rest following him.)

FIESKO.

Verrina! Verrina! Oh this Republican's as hard as steel!

SCENE VII.

FIESKO—*Enter a Stranger masked.*

STRANGER.

Have you a moment's leisure Lavagna?

FIESKO.

(*Obligingly.*) An hour if you please.

STRANGER.

Then favor me with a walk beyond the walls.

FIESKO.

It is just midnight.

STRANGER.

I beg the favor Count.

FIESKO.

I'll order the carriage.

STRANGER.

That's quite unnecessary—I have sent *on* my horse.

He's all we shall require. (*Significantly.*)

For only one returns.

FIESKO.

(*Astonished.*) What!

STRANGER.

I have a serious account to settle with you,—

A woman's tears demand a man's revenge.

FIESKO.

What woman's?

STRANGER.

The Countess of Lavagna's—I know the Lady well,
And should be glad to learn, where she deserved
The treatment you have given her.

FIESKO.

Oh *now* I understand you, but may I beg
The name of my extraordinary challenger.

STRANGER.

He it is, who once adored the Lady Cibo,
But thinking *you* more worthy of her hand,
In mournful silence yielded to Fiesko.

FIESKO.

Scipio Bourgonino!

BOURGONINO.

(*Unmasking.*) And who is here to vindicate his honor,
For tamely yielding up his claim to *one*,
Who meanly dares to wrong defenceless virtue!

FIESKO.

Excellent young man! Thanks to the sorrows
Of my wife, for making you thus known to me—
I fully estimate the noble zeal,
That animates your conduct, but still *I*
Cannot meet you.

BOURGONINO.

What! Is the Count Lavagna then afraid
To dare the *first* encounter of my sword.

FIESKO.

Bourgonino! It is not, that I dare not,
But, I will not. Against the hosts of France
I'd freely venture—I cannot fight with *you*;
I love the generous spirit that inspires you;
The will is noble—but the deed were childish.

BOURGONINO.—(*With fervour.*)

Childish Count! When helpless woman *weeps*
At injuries—'tis man's first, noblest duty,
To *avenge* them!—

FIESKO.

That's excellently said,

I grant you, but still I will not meet you.

BOURGONINO.—(*Turning his back upon him.*)

Then Count I shall despise you!

FIESKO.—(*With animation.*)

Nay *that*, by Heavens, thou shall'st not, noble youth,

Though virtue's self should fall the sacrifice—

(*Taking his hand with earnest solemnity.*)

Tell me Bourgonino, have you ever

Felt for me a certain sentiment, (I

Scarce know how to name it)—a certain sentiment

Of respect or reverence?

BOURGONINO,

Think you I would have yielded up my claim

To any one but him, whom I esteemed

The *first of men*?

FIESKO.

Then hear me for a moment—

The man who once deserved your reverence,

Should sink by *slow* degrees in your opinion.

The plans of great men must be deeper laid

Than to allow each passer-by to scan them—

Go home good Bourgonino, and there reflect maturely,

Why *thus* and only *thus*, Fiesko acts at present.

(Bourgonino moves slowly and pensively off the stage.)

Farewell brave youth ! If but thy gallant spirit

Fire our country—no power can save the Dorias

From destruction !

SCENE VIII.

FIESKO—THE MOOR *enters slyly, and looks cautiously
round the room.*

FIESKO.

(Fixing him sharp and steadfastly with his eye.)

Who are you ? What's your business ?

MOOR.

(As above.) A slave of the Republic.

FIESKO.

Ah ! Slavery's a sad profession !

(Keeping his eye upon him.) But what would you here ?

MOOR.

Sir, I am an honest man.

FIESKO.

I'd recommend you to write that upon your forehead ; it's highly necessary.

MOOR.

Endeavouring to approach him, while Fiesko as studiously avoids him.)

Sir ! Do you take me for a scoundrel ?

FIESKO.

You do well to ask the question, and yet I think, you might have done better to let it alone.

(Impatiently.) But what the devil do you want ?

MOOR.

(Approaching him.) Are you the Count Lavagna ?

FIESKO.

(Proudly.) The blind in Genoa know Lavagna's Footsteps !
What would you with the Count ?

MOOR.

Be on your guard Lavagna.—*(nearing him.)*

FIESKO.

(Springing to the opposite side.) I will, you may depend on't.

MOOR.

(*As above.*) There's mischief in the wind!

FIESKO.

(*Retiring.*) So I observe!

MOOR.

Beware of Doria!

FIESKO.

(*Approaching him with confidence.*) Friend, I fear I've been unjust to you. I really dread that name.

MOOR.

Avoid it then, I charge you! Can you read?

FIESKO.

A superfluous question.—It's plain you have not had much dealings with nobility—What have you there?

MOOR.

Your name in fatal characters.

(*He gives him a paper and approaches him closely. FIESKO steps before a Looking-Glass, and glances his eye cautiously upwards, at the same time pretending to read. THE MOOR examines him attentively, moves two or three times round him, at length draws his dagger and is about to strike. FIESKO turns sharply round, seizes him by the arm, and wrenches the dagger from him.*)

Softly ! softly scoundrel—softly !

MOOR.

(*Stamping wildly with his foot.*) Damnation ! Ask your pardon sir, upon my honor ! (*Walking leisurely off.*)

FIESKO.

(*Seizing him by the collar.*) Ho there ! Stephano ! Drullo !
Anthonio ! Wait a moment friend, I've not quite done with you.

(*Enter Servants.*)

Stay and answer me. Thou hast managed thy business badly. Who is to reward thy trouble ?

MOOR.

(*After several fruitless attempts to get away, determined.*)
One comfort, you cannot hang me higher than the gallows.

FIESKO.

No, not on the horns of the Moon, I grant ye. But high enough to preserve the world from a repetition of your villainy. But your attempt on *my* life was too political a measure to have originated with yourself ; say, therefore, who has hired you ?

MOOR.

You may call me scoundrel, if you please, Sir, but I beg you won't try to make a fool of me.

FIESKO.

What ! is the brute so proud—speak scoundrel, who has hired you ?

MOOR.

(*Thoughtfully.*) Hum ! I shall not be the only fool *then* !
Who has hired me ?—and after all, only a hundred paltry
Sequins !—Who has hired me ?—Prince Gianettino.

FIESKO.

(*Walking exasperated backwards and forwards.*)

A hundred Sequins ! What ! No more than that for
a Fiesko's head ! Shame, shame, Gianettino !

(*Hastening to his bureau.*)

Here scoundrel ! Here's a thousand ! Go tell your
master "he's a niggardly assassin !"

(*MOOR measuring him from head to foot.*)

FIESKO.

What, dost thou hesitate ?

(*MOOR takes the money, lays it down, takes it again, and
still considers him with increasing astonishment.*)

FIESKO.

Well fellow, what art thou thinking of ?

MOOR.

(Throwing the purse resolutely on the table.)

Sir! I have *not* deserved that money!

FIESKO.

You stupid fool, you have *deserved* the gallows; but the irritated elephant crushes *men*, not *worms*! Were but a breath required, I'd hang you up this instant.

MOOR.

(Bowing joyfully.) Indeed Sir, you're too good.

FIESKO.

God forbid I should be good to *you*! It pleases me to think, that I'm superior to your villainy, and that the life or death of such a scoundrel, is unimportant to Fiesko's welfare;—'tis therefore I permit you to escape. Your failure has convinced me, that the heavens reserve me for some great, some noble end; and therefore I forgive you, and am merciful!

MOOR.

(With impudent familiarity.) Give me your hand Lavagna! One good turn deserves another. If there's a single soul in Genoa's territory, you wish to liberate from earthly thralldom, I'll undertake to do the business—*gratis*.

FIESKO.

Damnab! Villain! What! would'st thou bribe me with the lives of others?

MOOR.

Oh I never like to be under obligations to any one; I have too nice a sense of honor I assure you.

FIESKO.

The honor of a cut-throat!

MOOR.

Is infinitely purer and better established than that of your fine gentry. *You* break your oaths and promises to God. We keep ours punctually with the devil.

FIESKO.

Egad! thou art a curious fellow.

MOOR.

I'm glad you like me—put me to the test I beg; you'll find I understand my business. There's not a single species of rascality from petty larceny to highway robbery with which I'm unacquainted. I've served my time most creditably in all the intermediate gradations.

FIESKO.

Upon my word! So villains have their degrees of rank

as well as wickedness! (*Seating himself.*) I should be glad to know something of the lowest order among you.

MOOR.

Oh fie, Sir! That is the contemptible tribe of long fingers, called pickpockets—a wretched set, who seldom or never produce a great man. Whose paltry peculations tend frequently to the pillory and house of correction, and at most, end *only* in the gallows.

FIESKO.

An agreeable termination! Now for the higher ranks.

MOOR.

Those, Sir, are spies and informers—men of high respectability and consideration, who fasten like leeches upon the great, and in time become necessary to their very existence—who secretly absorb the venom of their wishes and carry all their vicious inclinations into practice.

FIESKO.

I am acquainted with them—proceed.

MOOR.

The next in rank are murderers, poison dealers, and indeed all those who lurk silently around their object, and at length dispatch him unawares. Often indeed they are cowardly

scoundrels, but still honest fellows, who give the devil his due, and clear off their scores by eternal damnation. The law is kinder to these than to those above mentioned. It dignifies their exit with something extra. Their bones are stretched on the wheel, and their heads fixed up on a halbert. This is the third class.

FIESKO.

But say, when will it be *your* turn?

MOOR.

Zounds Sir, there's the rub! I have borne a part in every one of these. My happy genius is not confined to any *particular* rascality. Yesterday evening I performed a master stroke in the third, and about an hour since, I ——— bungled the business most completely in the fourth. (*bowing.*)

FIESKO.

The fourth! Oh now we come to it!

MOOR.

(*With animation.*) Aye those are the fellows! These are they who go boldly in search of their object, who cut their way through every danger, attack him openly in his own apartments, and who, before he has time to thank them

for the first blow, save him the trouble by making a *coup de grace* of the second ! *Entre nous*, these are called the devil's expresses. He has only to wink and pay largely, and the the ven'son descends to him *warm*.

FIESKO.

Thou art a hardened villain. I have long required such, if you like, I'll take you into pay.

MOOR.

Joke or earnest ?

FIESKO.

Positive earnest, I'll give you a thousand sequins a year !

MOOR.

Strike hands, Lavagna ! I am yours ! Use me for any purpose that you please. I can deceive, flatter, pimp, or assassinate—any thing in short that savours of rascality ; only for God's sake employ me in no honest transaction, for, to be candid with you, in these matters, I am the stupidest dog alive !

FIESKO.

Be not uneasy, when I want a lamb, I'll hardly ask a wolf to bring it me. To-morrow you must make the tour of Genoa, and sound the disposition of the people. Disco-

ver above all things what they think of Doria, and how they stand affected to his government. Find out, too, the opinion of the citizens, and what they whisper of *my own* extravagance and dissipation. Inundate them with wine, till every secret thought overflows with freedom. Here's money, spend part among the manufacturers.

MOOR.

(*Looks at him thoughtfully.*) Sir!

FIESKO.

Be not afraid, 'tis nothing honest! Begone,—call your whole band to your assistance, to-morrow I will listen to your news.—(*Exit.*)

MOOR.

Depend on me, it's now but four o'clock, by eight to-morrow you shall be more than satisfied.—(*Exit.*)

SCENE IX.

A Room at VERRINA'S—BERTHA is discovered leaning back upon a sofa, her head resting on her hand—VERRINA enters in gloomy reverie.

BERTHA.

(Springing up alarmed.) Great heaven! it is himself.

VERRINA.

(Stops suddenly, and looks at her with astonishment.)

What! is my daughter frightened at her father!

BERTHA.

Leave me—leave me, for God's sake leave me!

Oh father you look dreadful!

VERRINA.

What! to my only child?

BERTHA *(with painful fondness.)*

Oh no, it is impossible!—I feel

I am still your daughter!

VERRINA.

Does my parental tenderness distress you?

BERTHA.

It does indeed!

VERRINA.

Why what reception's this? Formerly when
I came home oppressed with grief, my daughter
Flew to meet me, and laughed away my sorrows.
Embrace me Bertha, let my poor heart,
Already frozen with my country's sufferings,
Rekindle at the warmth of thy affection!
Oh my child! This day I have taken leave
Of every joy in nature, and thou alone
Remainest me!

BERTHA (*fixing her eyes sorrowfully, but stedfastly on him.*)

Unhappy father!

VERRINA (*embracing her with melancholy tenderness.*)

Bertha!

My only child! my last sad hope and comfort,
Genoa's freedom is no more!—no more, Fiesco!

(*Pressing her convulsively to his bosom, and muttering
between his teeth.*)

Do thou become a ——

BERTHA.

(Tearing herself from his arms.)

Merciful heaven! You know it then!

VERRINA.

(Stands trembling with agitation.) What?

BERTHA.

My virgin honor!

VERRINA.

(Wildly.) What!

BERTHA.

This night.

VERRINA.

(Raving.) What!

BERTHA.

Violence! *(Sinks upon the sofa.)*

VERRINA.

(After a dreadful pause, in a deep and hollow voice.)

One word more daughter, the last I have to ask—who?

BERTHA.

Oh father! Cast aside that look—so pale,

And yet so dreadful! Heaven! How he trembles.

VERRINA.

Be not alarmed my Bertha—who?

BERTHA.

Be comforted, my best—my dearest father!

VERRINA.

Who—who? Keep me no longer in suspense,
For God's sake.

(On the point of throwing himself at her feet.)

BERTHA.

A Mask.

VERRINA.

*(Steps back and appears much agitated—a pause of
some moments.)*

No, No, it *cannot* be—*That* thought came not from Heaven!

(laughing madly.)

Old fool! As if the poison that infects

The universe, sprang from one *single* toad!

(More collected.) His person like my own, or smaller.

BERTHA.

Larger.

VERRINA.

(With quickness.) His hair black and curly?

BERTHA.

Coal black and curly.

VERRINA.

(*Staggering.*) Oh God—my head, my head!

His voice!

BERTHA.

Hoarse and boisterous.

VERRINA (*with increased violence.*)

What colour? No, I will hear no more!

His cloak—what colour?

BERTHA.

Green, as I thought.

VERRINA.

(*Covers his face with his hands and totters to the sofa.*)

Be tranquil, child, 'tis only giddiness!

(*His hands fall motionless to his sides, his countenance pale
and death like.*)

BERTHA (*wringing her hands.*)

Merciful heaven! This is no more my father!

VERRINA (*after a pause laughing bitterly.*)

Right so, right so, old coward! 'Twas not enough,

The scoundrel dared to violate his country,

You tamely waited, till your *only* child
Fell victim to his lust! 'Twas not enough,
He ravished liberty and right from Genoa,
You tamely waited, till he ravished innocence
And honor from your daughter!

Be quick there Nicholas!
Powder and ball directly!—Or stop, I've changed my mind.
Give me my sword! Fall on your knees my daughter!
Say your prayers!

(His hand upon his forehead.)

Oh God! I shall go mad!

BERTHA.

Oh father, I am dead with apprehension!

VERRINA.

Come, sit you down by me, *(significantly,)*

And tell me Bertha,

What did the hoary headed Roman senator
When like you, (I scarce know what to call it,)
They found his daughter so—*agreeable*?
Tell me Bertha, what said Virginius
To his dishonour'd child?

BERTHA.

(*Shuddering.*) I know not father, what he said to her,

VERRINA.

Poor fool! Why, he said—nothing.

(*Laying his hand suddenly on his sword.*)

He seized a butcher's knife and ——

BERTHA.

(*Falling on his arm.*) Great God! What would you father?

VERRINA.

(*Throwing down the sword.*)

No—No—As yet—in Genoa there is Justice!

SCENE X.

THE FORMER—*Enter KALKAGNO and SACCO.*

KALKAGNO.

Be quick Verrina—get ready immediately—

The election week begins to day,

And we are now going to the Signoria

To choose the Senators. The streets swarm with people;

The whole nobility is crowding to the senate-house.
Of course you'll accompany us, (*sarcastically*) to witness
The Triumph of our Freedom.

SACCO.

But what is this?

A drawn sword lying in the room! Verrina's
Looks are wild and ghastly! and Bertha's eyes
Are red with weeping.

KALKAGNO.

By Heavens, I did not notice
This before. Sacco! here's some misfortune!

VERRINA.

(*Placing chairs*) Be seated—

SACCO.

My friend—you quite alarm us.

KALKAGNO.

I never saw you thus before, Verrina!
Had not your Bertha wept—I should have ask'd
Is Genoa fallen.

VERRINA.

(*In a dreadful voice*) Fallen indeed!

Be seated!

KALKAGNO.

(Alarmed—taking his chair)

For God's sake I conjure you.

VERRINA.

Listen attentively.

KALKAGNO.

Sacco! I fear me

VERRINA.

My countrymen—You are both acquainted

With the Nobility of Verrina's House!

Your Ancestors have borne the Trains of mine—

My Fathers fought the battles of the state—

My Mothers, were the models of their sex—

Adorn'd with beauty, innocence and virtue.

It's true our Honor, was our only Capital;

But this descended pure from Sire to Son,

By each inherited, and each—supported—

Or say does any doubt it?

SACCO.

No one!

KALKAGNO.

No one—as God's in Heaven.

VERRINA.

I am the last male issue of my family—
My wife alas ! is buried—My daughter,
Is the only legacy her love bequeathed me.
My Countrymen !
You are witnesses how I have rear'd her,
With what parental tenderness and care,
I've watch'd o'er Bertha's welfare ; can any one
Reproach me with neglect of this, my only child ?

KALKAGNO.

Your daughter is the pattern of her sex.

VERRINA.

My Friends ! I now am old.
If I lose her—I have no more to hope for.
The memory of Verrina's name expires.
(In a tone of bitterest anguish.)

It has expired—Bertha is lost—

And infamy's—my portion.

(Both, with emotion.)

Forbid it Heaven !

(BERTHA sinks sobbing on the sofa.)

Despair not daughter ! these men are brave and noble.

Behold my girl—they weep—cheer up my Bertha,
Their tears are but the prelude to their vengeance.
Be not astonished Friends,

(Solemn and slow.)

The man that forges chains for Genoa,
May easily *compel* a helpless woman!

(Both, starting up and throwing back their chairs.)

Gianettino Doria!

BERTHA *(shrieks.)*

Oh open earth and hide me! Here's my Scipio.

SCENE XL

THE FORMER—*Enter (hastily)* BOURGONINO.

BOURGONINO.

Rejoice, my Bertha. I bring the best of news.
Noble Verrina!
My every hope is fixed upon your goodness!
I long have lov'd your daughter—but I fear'd

To tell you so, because my fortune,
(Entrusted to the mercy of the deep)
Still floated on the waves from Coromandel.
At length the Fleet's arriv'd! my wealth is certain
And considerable—Give me your Bertha—
I will make her happy.

VERRINA.

(*With solemn irony.*)

Have you a mind, young man,
To throw away your heart upon a harlot?

BOURGONINO.

(*Laying his hand upon his sword and again hastily
withdrawing it.*)

That spoke her Father!

VERRINA.

That speaks each wretch in Genoa!
Art thou content to take another's leavings?

BOURGONINO.

Old man! you'll drive me mad!

KALKAGNO.

It is alas! too true!

BOURGONINO.

(*Springing up and rushing furiously towards Bertha.*)

True did you say? Has then a girl befooled me?

KALKAENO.

Hold ! Hold ! good Bourgonino,
An angel's purity exceeds not Bertha's innocence.

BOURGONINO (*stands still with astonishment.*)

So help me God ! I know not how to take this ;
Pure and yet dishonour'd ! I cannot understand you ;
Your eyes glare wildly and your tongues are speechless.
Some dreadful secret labours in your breasts,
And strives in vain for utterance ! Speak, I
Conjure you, speak, nor longer trifle with
A lover's tortures. Innocent !—Who said
Innocent ?

VERRINA.

My child is——guiltless.

BOURGONINO.

'Twas force then—(*seizing the sword from the ground.*)

My Countrymen ! I charge you,
By all the crimes that sully helpless virtue,
Where shall I find the Ravisher ?

VERRINA.

There where you find the Tyrant !

(BOURGONINO *stands petrified with horror—the sword drops from his hand.* VERRINA *walks thoughtfully up and down—at length stops and proceeds.*)

VERRINA.

If Providence ! I read thy will aright,
'Tis thy design, to rescue Genoa
Through the means of Bertha.

*(He moves towards her, and slowly unwinding the black
crape from his arm, continues with awful solemnity.)*

'Till Doria's blood
Has wash'd away the stain that blots thine honor—
No ray of light, shall dawn upon thy cheek,
Or visit thy sad eyes. Till then—

(Throwing the crape over her.)

Be hid in darkness.

*(A pause of some moments—BOURGONINO, KALKAGNO and
SACCO contemplate him in silent astonishment.)*

VERRINA.

(Laying his hand on Bertha's head.)

Curs'd be the air that fans thee with its breath !
Cursed the sleep that renovates thy frame,
And bids thy bleeding heart forget its sorrows—
Cursed the footsteps of each human soul
That seeks to comfort thee in thy affliction !
Go to the lowest cavern of my house,
Be that thy dungeon.
There weep, lament, and lengthen time with anguish.

Thy hours—be but a series of misery,
Thy life—the wreathings of a dying worm,
The hard convulsive conflicts of a soul,
That strives in vain to quit its earthly mansion!
This curse remain upon thee, till the last gasp
Of Gianettino's breath, dissolve its power.

But, should the Viper live, to boast his conquest,
And meanly triumph o'er thy faded virtue,
Still be thy fate united with his own,
And all thy sorrows, link'd with his existence.
His death alone, can heal the wounds he gave thee.

(A total silence—Astonishment and horror depicted in every countenance. VERRINA looks at each with stedfast penetration.)

BOURGONINO.

Hard hearted parent! What have you determin'd?
Why have you stamp'd this more than dreadful curse,
Upon your guiltless child?

VERRINA *(bitterly.)*

So dreadful do you find it my young bridegroom?

(Changing his tone to that of earnest solemnity.)

Who now among you all would dare stand up,
And tell me of "delay?" the fate of Genoa
Rests upon my Bertha; the feelings of the father
And the citizen, with equal ardour

Animate my heart, and spur me to exertion !
Is any of you here so mean a coward,
As for *one* moment to defer the deed,
When this poor Innocent, with tearful eyes
Upbraids your *slow* resolves, and tardy vengeance ?
This is not friends, the language of a fool ;
The oath I've taken, is the fix'd result
Of calm deliberation. It were not easy
To wean me from my purpose. And here by Heaven
I-swear, no anguish that my child may undergo,
No agony of body or of mind,
Shall change my resolution. Doria must die—
Or innocence—despair ! You tremble at this language—
Your hairs stand upright, and in pale dismay
You fix your eyes upon me, but still—this must be so.
Scipio ! I charge you as you love my daughter
To sacrifice the Tyrant to her honor.
I keep her as the hostage for the deed,
And only give her up on its fulfilment.
She is the link that chains us to each other,
(Turning to SACCO and KALKAGNO.)
And binds our separate duties all in one.
Either the Tyrant dies or—Innocence—despairs !

BOURGONINO

(Throwing himself at Bertha's feet.)

And die he shall!—his life be sacrificed
To Genoa's freedom and to Bertha's honor!
Ere on thy lips I print the bridegroom's kiss,
I swear to sheathe this weapon in his bosom.

(He rises.)

VERRINA.

'Tis the first pair the furies have united!
Join hands my children!——Scipio!
You'll sheathe your weapon in his bosom?
Take her, for thou deserv'st her!

KALKAGNO *(kneeling.)*

Here kneels

Another of thy countrymen, and lays
The sword of vengeance at the feet of innocence.
May but Kalkagno find the way to heaven,
As surely as this steel a passage to his heart.

SACCO *(kneeling.)*

Tho' last, not least resolv'd, kneels Raphael Sacco;
If my keen sword hew not thy bonds asunder,
May adamant chains compel my soul
To linger out eternity in bondage.

VERRINA (*cheerfully.*)

In Genoa's name I thank you. Go now my child
And let it be thy comfort to reflect,
That thou'rt devoted to thy country's welfare.

BOURGONINO (*embracing her.*)

Go my beloved! and place thy trust in Heav'n
And Bourgonino. The self same hour that
Tyranny expires, shall Innocence be free.

(*BERTHA moves slowly and sorrowfully off the stage.*)

SCENE XII.

THE FORMER—*Without* BERTHA.

KALKAGNO.

But one word, my Countrymen, before we venture
Further in this business.

VERRINA.

I guess it.

KALKAGNO.

Think you four solitary patriots sufficient
To overthrow the Hydra Despotism?
Shall we not raise the people, or at all events
Draw over the nobility to join us?

VERRINA.

I understand you.—Hear me a moment;
I have long patroniz'd a famous Painter,
Who has lavish'd all his talents in a picture
On the Fall of Appius Claudius.
Fiesko is a passionate admirer
Of the Art, and easily wrought upon
By scenes of heroism and sublimity.
We'll bring the painting to his palace, and narrowly
Observe him, when he views it. Perhaps the sight
May wake his slumbering genius—perhaps . . .

BOURGONINO.

Away with him! Increase the danger of the deed,
But not the sharers in it—thus speaks the Hero—
I have long felt a something in my breast
That numbs each genial feeling of my soul,
And damps the fire of action. At length I know
The cause of this sensation—

SCENE XII.

FIESKO.

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'Tis this—(*springing up with enthusiasm.*)

“ I have a Tyrant.”

The Curtain falls.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.*Room at FIESKO'S.—LEONORA—ARABELLA.*

ARABELLA.

No, No, I tell you! You saw wrong depend upon it—
your jealousy deceived you!

LEONORA.

Don't talk to *me* of jealousy; I'm satisfied 'twas Julia.
My miniature was suspended by a sky-blue ribband. *This*
was flaming red. My fate I see's decided!

Enter JULIA (affectedly.)

JULIA.

The Count has offered me his palace to view the proces-
sion to the senate-house. I fear I shall find the time a little

tedious. Till the chocolate is ready, be good enough to entertain me, Madam.

(ARABELLA retires and returns immediately.)

LEONORA.

If you please, I will invite company, Signora.

JULIA.

Very fine indeed ! As if I came here to look for company. I'll thank you to entertain me yourself, Madam, (if that's in your power) for at present I have no particular engagement.

ARABELLA (*interrupting her.*)

Heavena, what a beautiful diamond ! How cruel Signora to add magnificence to your other attractions ! as if nature had not made you sufficiently formidable already—and such a glittering display of pearls too ! their lustre makes one's eyes ache. Surely Signora, you must have pillaged the ocean !

JULIA (*examining herself in a glass.*)

They may indeed be a rarity to you Miss ! but pray has your Mistress hired you for your tongue on these occasions ? Charming Madam upon my word, to compliment your guests through the medium of your domestics.

LEONORA.

I am truly sorry Signora, that my present temper of mind makes me unequal to the pleasure of your society.

JULIA.

A most unhappy habit that of yours Madonna, that renders you at all times melancholy and stupid. Believe me, it will require more life, gaiety, and spirit, to secure your husband's affections. This is not the way to set about it.

LEONORA.

I know but one way Signora, and am sorry it differs so much from the mode *you* have adopted.

JULIA (*pretending not to notice her.*)

Only see too how you carry yourself Madonna! For God's sake bestow more pains upon your person—have recourse to art where you find nature unfriendly—and let rouge give a colour to your complexion. Believe me child, these pale cheeks of yours will never find a purchaser.

LEONORA (*turning quick to ARABELLA.*)

Congratulate me Bella. Either my Fiesko is not lost, or (if lost) he deserves not my affliction!

JULIA.

What are you muttering there about losing Madonna? For my part, I cannot conceive how you stumbled on the ridiculous idea of *choosing* Fiesko. How could you aspire so high my good child? How could you wish for a situation, which draws upon you the observation of the world, and subjects you to so many invidious comparisons? Upon

my word my dear, he must have been either a knave or a fool that married you to Fiesko, (*taking her hand compassionately*), for believe me, the man that makes a figure in *our* fashionable circles, was never calculated to become *your* husband.

LEONORA.

True Signora! for if he was, he would not wish to make a figure *there*.

JULIA.

The Count has person, taste, abilities. He has been fortunate too in making friends and connections of the first consideration. His disposition is gay, lively, sanguine, and aspiring. Fancy for a moment his melancholy situation, when he returns home from the fascinating circles of the beau-monde. His wife receives him with common place affection, damps his raptures with a kiss of frosty tenderness, and deals out her caresses to him with cold reserve and platonic indifference. Abroad he is tantalized with the sight of charms, he must not enjoy. At home he is disgusted with the possession of a woman he cannot love. Under these circumstances how is he to conduct himself Madonna? Will he not lose his senses? or whom next will he choose?

LEONORA.

You Signora, when he has really lost them.

JULIA.

This taunt recoil upon yourself! Tremble at your rashness Madonna! but ere you tremble, learn likewise to blush.

LEONORA.

And are *you* then acquainted with that talent Signora? But, I ask your pardon, it is a toilette artifice, it cannot be unknown to you.

JULIA.

Excellent upon my word. Poor soul, I see thou art not wholly without wit, though it requires some pains to excite it. But I was only joking Madonna—give me your hand in proof of your forgiveness.

LEONORA.

(Giving her hand with a look of earnest sensibility.)

Signora! the fear of *my* resentment need not distress you!

JULIA.

So generous too!—but I must repay you. Were I to carry the picture of a person about me, would you not conclude the original dear to me? What say you Madonna?

LEONORA *(confused and blushing.)*

I — I — surely that would be rather a hasty conclusion Signora.

JULIA.

Perhaps so indeed. True affection, they say, requires no adventitious assistance. The feelings of nature *you know*, are superior to the productions of art !

LEONORA.

Good Heaven, Signora ! Where could *you* have discovered this truth ?

JULIA.

Fiesko inspired it. So dearly he loves the original, he wanted no aid from the picture. (*Presenting LEONORA her Miniature and laughing maliciously.*) After this I think he is doubly entitled to your attachment.

LEONORA (*in a tone of bitterest anguish.*)

What ! *my* Miniature to *you* !

(*Sinking exhausted in a chair.*)

Unheard of cruelty !

JULIA (*exultingly.*)

Have I then repaid you ? Now Madonna not a word more ! A truce to severity.—(*calling aloud.*)—My carriage immediately !—My business is over.—(*patting LEONORA's cheek.*) Comfort yourself my dear ! He gave it me in *a fit of insanity* !

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Enter KALKAGNO.

KALKAGNO.

So incens'd went Lady Julia away,
And you in agitation too, Madonna?

LEONORA (*deeply affected, not observing him.*)

Perfidious man!

KALKAGNO.

Good Heaven, Madonna!

You surely are not weeping.

LEONORA.

Ah! a friend of the monster's!

Begone from my sight!

KALKAGNO.

What monster! You alarm me?

LEONORA.

My Husband! *Your* Fiesko!

KALKAGNO.

What's this I hear?

LEONORA.

Only a piece of villainy, your sex's
Common practice !

KALKAGNO (*seizing her hand with fervour.*)

Madonna ! believe me,
I've a heart for suffering virtue !

LEONORA (*firing him earnestly.*)

You are a man !
That heart is not for *me*.

KALKAGNO.

Entirely for you,
Full of you, Oh did you know how infinitely dear !

LEONORA.

Man ! Thou art a liar ! Professions are not actions !

KALKAGNO.

I swear to you.

LEONORA.

A falsehood ! Cease, cease, you'll weary
The Recording Angel's pen that registers them down.
Were every falsehood that you speak, a Demon,
Satan would storm the Heavens with success,
And lead away the Cherubim in chains !

KALKAGNO.

You wander Countess, your anguish renders you

Unjust. Shall the whole sex stand attached,
For the conduct of a single one?

LEONORA (*looking steadfastly at him.*)

Man! in that *One* I did adore the whole,
Then surely in *that One*, I may detest it.

KALKAGNO.

Try once more Countess,
The first attempt has indeed been unsuccessful,
Consent to give away your heart a second time,
I think I could inform you, where it would
Be well disposed of.

LEONORA.

Your lies would drive the Deity
From Heaven! Forbear—I'll hear no more!

KALKAGNO.

In justice to our sex in general, you should
To day retract this censure in *my* arms.

LEONORA (*attentively.*)

What's that! Explain yourself entirely.—In your . . .

KALKAGNO.

In my arms,
Which open to receive forsaken innocence,
And to indemnify neglected love!

LEONORA (*with a look of penetration.*)

Love !

KALKAGNO.

Yes—at length thank Heaven ! I've ventur'd to reveal it.

(*Throwing himself at her feet.*) Love, Madonna !

My life or death now hangs upon your tongue.

If it be criminal to own my passion,

May the extremes of vice and virtue meet,

And Heaven and Earth consume away in ruin.

LEONORA (*stepping back with pride and indignation.*)

Insidious wretch ! was this the end

Of all thy sympathy ? In the same breath

A Traitor, both to friendship and to honor !

Away ! begone for ever from my sight !

Perfidious sex ! Till now I thought, you

Only had deceiv'd poor helpless women.

I never knew that you betray'd each other !

KALKAGNO (*rising in confusion.*)

Madonna !

LEONORA.

'Twas not enough to violate the laws

Of confidence ; this Hypocrite would poison

With his breath the springs of Virtue, and pupil

Innocence in perjury and falsehood !

KALKAGNO (*with quickness.*)

The falsehood lies not on *your* side only Madonna.

LEONORA.

I understand you! you'd bribe me by the sense
Of *his* unkindness, you'd urge my feelings
To betray my honor.

(*With infinite dignity.*)

Begone! you might have known,
That there's a grandeur even in misfortune,
And that the pride of *bursting* for Fiesko,
Consoles a woman's heart for half its sorrows.
Away! 'Tis not because the great Fiesko falls,
That a Kalkagno rises; when Virtue sinks
The human race sinks with it.

(*Exit.*)

KALKAGNO.

(*Casting after her a look of astonishment and then
striking his forehead.*)

Confounded blockhead!

Humphrey

(*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

Enter FIESKO.—The MOOR.

FIESKO.

Who was it pass'd there ?

MOOR.

The Marquis Kalkagno !

FIESKO.

This handkerchief was lying on the sofa. My wife must have been here.

MOOR.

She met me this moment in great agitation.

FIESKO.

The handkerchief is moist too.

(Putting it in his bosom.)

Kalkagno here ! Leonora in agitation !

(After a short silence.)

I shall ask you this evening what was pass'd between them.

MOOR.

Mam'selle Bella loves flattery, I think I may venture to undertake it.

FIESKO.

And now your thirty hours have expired, have you executed my commission?

MOOR.

To a tittle, my Lord!

FIESKO (*seating himself.*)

Well, what whisper folks of Doria and the present Government?

MOOR.

Whisper indeed! They startle at the sound. The very name of Doria shakes 'em like an ague. Gianettino is abominated. Every body murmurs and is dissatisfied. They say the French were formerly the Rats of Genoa. Our Dorias, the Cats that have destroy'd them; but they've acquired such relish for the vermin, that now they've taken a fancy to the Mice.

FIESKO.

Ah! and are these Cats without a match in Genoa? Can't they find out a single Dog to worry them?

MOOR (*carelessly.*)

Why I remember they *did* whisper something about a certain—— a certain—— damn it;—I've quite forgot the name.

FIESKO (*rising.*)

You fool! the name's as easy to *remember*, as it is hard to *counterfeit*. Has Genoa more than one?

MOOR.

No more than—Two Fieskos!

FIESKO (*sitting down again.*)

That's something. And pray what think they of my present jovial life?

MOOR.

I'll tell you, Count. Genoa must needs think highly of you, for the people cannot bear your present inactivity and dissipation. What say they! "A cavalier of the first nobility—a man of the highest talents and pretensions—full of youth, fire, influence, and ambition—descended from a race of glorious ancestors—master of near four million sterling—possessor of the people's hearts, who only wait his wink to fly and join him"

FIESKO.

(*Turning away from him with contempt.*)

To hear all this from such a rascal!

MOOR.

"Shall such a man, say they, slumber in silence o'er his country's sufferings, and let his Genoa sink without a struggle? Some lament, others pity, most condemn you,

and all deplore the fortune of the State, that has thus lost you." (*Slily.*) There was one fellow, however, among the rest, who shrewdly surmised something about a fox in sheep's cloathing.

FIESKO.

One fox finds out another. But what says the world to my romance with the Lady Julia?

MOOR.

What I shall take good care to keep to myself.

FIESKO.

Come, come, out with it, the bolder the more welcome, what is it they whisper?

MOOR.

They whisper—nothing! but at all the coffee houses, all the billiard tables, all the market places, nay, even at the exchange itself, they cry aloud—

FIESKO.

What! I command you!

MOOR (*drawing back a yard or two.*)

That you're—a Fool!

FIESKO.

Very good, here's a Sequin for this piece of intelligence. As I have thought proper to play the fool, it's necessary I

should submit to being told so. And how did the manufacturers behave on the receipt of my presents?

MOOR (*drolly.*)

Why Fool! they look'd like so many Malefactors

FIESKO.

Fool! Are you mad, Sirrah?

MOOR.

Ask pardon—had no objection to a few more sequins.

FIESKO (*laughs, gives him another.*)

Well like so many malefactors

MOOR.

Who have just mounted the scaffold, when they hear their reprieve—they are yours body and soul!

FIESKO.

I rejoice at it, they lead the Mob in Genoa.

MOOR.

Oh 'twas such a spectacle! I could have almost given the Devil the slip, and fallen in love with generosity, or any other virtue. Why Sir! they hung like madmen round my neck; the girls too seemed delighted with my colour, as if this sour complexion of my father's had just come into fashion; they clasp'd me in their arms, and kiss'd my moorish muzzle with such raptures, that I could hardly break from

their embraces. Ah! thought I, almighty is the power of gold, it turns the negro—white.

FIESKO.

The thought was better, than the soil that nourish'd it.
The words you bring are good—think you that deeds will follow?

MOOR.

As surely as the blast, the rising storm. The people are already laying their heads together, collecting in groups and exhibiting every symptom of uneasiness and anxiety. Discontent and ill humour hang in clouds over Genoa. When they burst, even Princes may tremble.

FIESKO.

Hush! What distant noise is that, that sounds so indistinctly?

MOOR (*running to the window.*)

'Tis the cries of a crowd, hastening from the Senate-house.

FIESKO.

I'd quite forgot. To-day we choose our Procurator. My carriage there immediately. 'Tis impossible the election can be over. I'll begone directly. Impossible at least it can be *regularly* over. Give me my sword and cloak. Where is my order?

MOOR.

Sir! I have stolen and pawn'd it.

FIESKO.

I'm glad to hear it.

MOOR.

How so, Sir? may I expect another sequin?

FIESKO.

What! because you did not take the sword too?

MOOR.

No, because I told you of the thief!

FIESKO.

But hark, the noise approaches. Listen, *that* is not surely a tumult of *applause*. Quick—throw open the palace gates. I suspect Doria has gone too far. The State is trembling on a needle's point. I wager there's been some dispute at the Signoria.

MOOR (*looking out of the window.*)

What have we here? Heavens what a crowd is rushing to the Market place. Swords are drawn. Halberts glitter. The Senators and People mixed together. I think they're coming this way.

FIESKO.

'Tis an Insurrection! Hasten to the midst of them. Mention *my* name. See that you bring them hither. (MOOR

runs out.) Is it not astonishing? - What reason and reflection strive in vain for *years* to execute, the breath of chance produces in an instant.

SCENE IV.

FIESKO—ZENTURIONE, ZIBO, and ASSERATO, (*rushing furiously into the Room.*)

ZIBO.

You must excuse us Count, for entering with so little ceremony; our anger is our best apology.

ZENTURIONE.

Disgrac'd, eternally disgrac'd, in presence of the whole Signoria! The nephew of the Duke too!

ZIBO.

This Doria has trampled on the rights of Genoa's gentry! The records of nobility are soil'd—and all of us, degraded and dishonour'd!

ZENTURIONE.

'Tis therefore we are come! in *me* the whole nobility's

insulted, the whole nobility must share *my* vengeance; were it a private cause, my honor scarce would ask for their assistance.

ZIBO.

Yes, yes, the whole nobility's insulted, the whole nobility must share his vengeance.

ASSERATO.

The nation's rights are trodden under foot, the freedom of our country is no more !

FIESKO.

You have indeed, my friends, excited all
My attention.

ZIBO.

He stood the nine and twentieth in the list of Electors, and had already drawn the golden ball. Eight and twenty voices were already given ; fourteen in my favor, fourteen in favor of Lomellin. Doria's and *his* vote alone remained.

ZENTURIONE (*hastily interrupting him.*)

Alone remained ! I give *my* vote for Zibo ; Doria, (think of the wound my honor has sustained.) Doria . . .

ASSERATO (*breaking in upon him.*)

By Heavens ! the like was never known before, since waves surrounded Genoa.

ZENTURIONE (*violently.*)

Doria drew a sword, which he had concealed beneath the purple, transfix'd my vote with it, and cried aloud . . .

ZIBO (*interrupting him.*)

"Senators, this vote is null and void! you see my sword has pierc'd it! Lomellin is Procurator!"

ZENTURIONE.

"Lomellin is Procurator." And threw his sword upon the table.

ASSERATO.

And cry'd aloud. "Its null and void!" And threw his sword upon the table!

FIESKO (*after a pause of some moments.*)

Well my friends! to what are you determined?

ZENTURIONE.

The republic has received a mortal stab. To what are we determined?

FIESKO.

Zenturione! Rushes may tremble

At the zephyr's breath, but oaks require the storm!

I ask again to what are you determined?

ZIBO.

Methinks you should have ask'd, to what is Genoa determined?

FIESKO.

Genoa ! away with Genoa !——alas !
'Tis frail and rotten, it moulders at the touch.
You count, you say, on the nobility
Because they make wry faces, and shrug up
Their shoulders, whene'er you talk of government
Affairs. Begone with them ! their patriotism
Is embal'd in merchandize, their spirits
Fluttering round their Indian fleet.

ZENTURIONE.

You should have known them better. Scarcely had Doria
dared to do the deed, when near a hundred flew to gain the
market place ; the Signoria broke up immediately.

FIESKO (*sarcastically.*)

Yes, like a flock of doves,
Who wing their various flight a thousand ways,
When the keen hawk darts down from Heav'n among them.

ZENTURIONE.

No, no, like powder barrels when the match explodes
them.

ZIBO.

The people too are raised to madness ; think for a moment
what the wild boar dares when he is rous'd to fury ?
*

FIESKO (*laughs.*)

Why at first indeed, he dares do any thing.
The clumsy Monster rages round and round,
Grinds his keen tusks and *threatens* to devour you,
But, when he thinks his triumph is complete,
And hopes to glut his vengeance, he stumbles
O'er a *thread* and falls, as you do. Our time
Is past my countrymen! the Rulers of the seas
Are now no more! Genoa has sunk
Beneath the weight of greatness. Her grandeur was her ruin.
She is arriv'd at that sad period
You must have read of, when Rome, the mighty
Empress of the world, became a plaything
To the boy Octavius! Genoa *cannot* be free!
Genoa requires a Sovereign, wants a Monarch;
Go then, my friends, and bend to ~~the~~ Ginaettino.

ZENTURIONE (*enraged.*)

Bid fire unite with water, earth with heav'n; bid the two
poles dart forward from their spheres, and rush to clasp each
other! Let us begone, my friends!

FIESKO.

Stay, stay, a moment longer.—Zibo! what is it
You are thinking of?

ZIBO.

Oh nothing, nothing! or if any thing, a joke, shall shake
the universe!

FIESKO.

*(Leads him and the rest of them to a marble statue in
one corner of the room.)*

Observe this figure!

ZENTURIONE.

It is the Venus of Florence. What connexion has it with
the present business?

FIESKO.

But you admire it, don't you?

ZIBO.

Beyond a doubt, we were but bad Italians else. What
makes you ask the question?

FIESKO.

You would do well to travel through the world,
And see if it were possible to find
Throughout the works of animated nature,
A single woman, who unites the various beauties
Of this fancied model, in her own form alone.

ZIBO.

And after finding, keep her for our pains! Is't that
you're going to say?

*

H

FIESKO.

No, friend,

And after finding her convince the world—

ZENTURIONE (*impatiently.*)

Of what.

FIESKO.

Of this,

That Nature and not Art's the mother of perfection.

ZENTURIONE (*passionately.*)

Well, and what then!

FIESKO.

What then? (*Laughing heartily.*)

Why then, my friend, you'll have forgot to notice

The melancholy fall of Genoa's freedom.

(*Exit.*)

The Curtain falls.

SCENE V.

FIESKO—*Alone.*

(Tumult about the Palace increases.)

FIESKO.

Bravo, Bravo!

The straw of the Republic is in flames,

The fire will shortly reach both towers and palaces,

Fresh blow the breeze and make the blazes general!

Enter MOOR (hastily.)

SCENE VI.

MOOR.

Crowds upon crowds!

FIESKO.

Throw open wide the portals! let every body in

That chooses!

(Exit MOOR.)

FIESKO.

Republicans ! Republicans !

You first of all, prepare the yoke for Freedom,

And then complain that " Liberty's in chains !"

The fools ! think they Fiesko designs to execute

The plans, Fiesko did not form ?

No, no ! Lavagna must be all or nothing.

The insurrection may be theirs indeed,

But then, the grand conspiracy be mine !

Ah ! they're rushing through the galleries.

MOOR (*without.*)

Hillo, hillo there ; by Heavens you'll bring the house in
at the windows !

(*The people break down the door and burst furiously
into the room.*)

SCENE VII.

FIESKO—TWELVE COMMONERS.

THE WHOLE.

Vengeance on Doria ! Vengeance on Doria !

FIESKO.

Softly, softly! my good countrymen! That you wait on me with so little ceremony is a proof of your sincerity; but for God's sake have mercy on my ears!

ALL SPEAKING TOGETHER.

Down with the Dorias! down with the Dorias, Uncle and Nephew.

SEVERAL.

The Dorias must give way, the Dorias must give way! the Government must have another form!

1ST COMMONER.

To throw our Magistrates down stairs! down stairs our Magistrates! think of that!

2D COMMONER.

Think of that Lavagna! down stairs I tell you! because they would not vote for him.

ALL.

It is not to be borne! we won't submit to it.

3D COMMONER.

To take a Sword into the Senate House! a Sword—the signal of War, in the apartment of Peace!

2D COMMONER.

To go to the Signoria in scarlet! not black, like the rest of the Senators.

1ST COMMONER.

To drive with eight horses thro' the Citadel !

ALL.

A tyrant ! a tyrant ! to his Country and its Government !

3D COMMONER.

To hire two hundred Germans as a body guard from the
the Emperor ! Germans against Italians ! Soldiers against
the Laws !

ALL.

High Treason, Despotism, Tyranny, Genoa's downfall !

1ST COMMONER.

To carry the Arms of the Republic on his Carriage !

2D COMMONER.

The Statue of Andreas in the middle of the Signoria !

ALL.

In pieces with Andreas. In thousand pieces, the Living
and the Dead !

FIESKO.

But what in the name of God have I to do with all this
my Countrymen ?

1ST COMMONER.

You must not allow of it, you must bring him to his
senses !

2D COMMONER.

You're reckon'd a wise man and must not bear it, you must direct us what to do.

1ST COMMONER.

You're a better nobleman than ever he was, you must not permit him to go on in this way.

FIESKO.

I am highly gratified by your good opinion, show me but how I may prove myself deserving of it.

ALL (*boisterously.*)

Down with the Dorias! Down with the Dorias! Strike and Revenge!

FIESKO.

But listen to me for a moment.

SEVERAL.

Ay, ay, listen to him, listen to him, say on Lavagna!

FIESKO (*seating himself.*)

My Countrymen! once upon a time the Commonwealth of Brutes broke out in civil discord. Faction opposed itself to faction, and a Butcher's Dog got possession of the Throne. Accustomed only to the offals of a slaughter house, the disposition of the animal soon betrayed itself; his cruelty and rapacity were unequalled, and he tore, mangled and devoured the persons of his subjects. The Nation

murmured, the boldest assembled together, and the Tyrant was worried and slain! A Diet of the Empire was now called, to decide upon the important question of "what form of Government was best?" The house divided into parties, and the opinions on the occasion were—threefold! For which side, my Countrymen, would *you* have declared?

1ST COMMONER.

For the People! for the People!

FIESKO.

The People carried it—the Government became now a democracy—every Citizen gave his vote, and the Majority always *decided*. Few weeks however had elapsed, when Man declared war against the new made Republic. An assembly was immediately called—Horse, Lion, Tyger, Elephant, Bear, and Rhinoceros, roared loudly to arms; but when the rest were consulted, Lamb, Hare, Stag, Antelope, the whole tribe of Insects, Birds and Fishes, whimpered sadly for *peace*. Do you see my Countrymen? The timid were more numerous than the courageous—folly prevailed over wisdom—the majority, as I told you, decided—the Brute-creation laid down their arms, and Man took possession of their territory. This system was therefore discarded. What next, Genoese, would have pleased you?

1ST AND 2ND COMMONER.

A General Government! a General Government!

FIESKO.

This opinion prevail'd—the State affairs were regulated by various officers, and divided into different departments: Wolves directed the Finances—Foxes were their Secretaries. Doves had charge of the Criminal Jurisdiction—Tygers decided Law-suits, and Goats adjusted Marriages and determined Divorces—the Hare commanded the Army—Lion and Elephant remained with the Baggage—the Ass was Ambassador of State—and the Mole, High-treasurer of the Empire. What think you of this disposition, my Countrymen? Whoever escaped the jaws of the Wolf, fell a victim to the subtlety of the Fox; and where this failed, the obstinacy of the Ass was more successfully exerted. Innocence was oppressed by the Tyger, and Murder and Robbery forgiven by the Dove. And yet when the different Ministers retired or laid down their Offices, the Mole moved, that each should be *pensioned*! The nation rebell'd at such treatment! Let us choose a Monarch, cried they unanimously, one who has Wisdom to guide, Courage to defend, and Magnanimity to respect us. And They *chose* a Monarch, my Countrymen; but, (*rising with dignity from his seat,*) Remember! “That He was the Lion!”

*

ALL.

(Clapping their hands and throwing up their caps.)

Bravo! Bravo! You've managed that finely! And Genoa shall do the same—and Genoa has fixed upon her Man already.

FIESKO.

I do not wish to know him! Go home and think of the "Lion!"

(Exeunt Commoners tumultuously.)

SCENE VIII.FIESKO *alone.*

FIESKO.

All is as I could wish. The People and the Senate against Doria! The People and the Senate *for* Fiesko! Here Hassan! Hassan! I must seize this happy moment—I must both raise their Hatred and increase their Love. Hillo there Hassan! Come forth thou Lump of Darkness! Hassan! Hassan!

Enter Moor (wildly.)

MOOR.

By Heavens my soles are burning. What comes next?

FIESKO.

What *I* command.

MOOR (*obsequiously.*)

Say but the word—I'm ready. Where first am I to run to?

FIESKO.

I'll excuse your Running this time—I am going to arrest you. Prepare yourself—I shall publish to the world your attempt upon my life, and deliver you over bound to the Inquisition.

MOOR (*drawing back half a dozen paces.*)

Sir! that's against the Agreement!

FIESKO.

Be not alarmed, It's a mere joke I assure you. It is absolutely necessary at this moment that Gianettino's attempt upon my life should be made public. You'll be indicted for murder!

MOOR.

Am I to deny or confess?

FIESKO.

Deny—they'll put you to the torture. The first degree you must submit to—I owe you this by way of retaliation. The second—you'll confess.

MOOR (*shaking his head thoughtfully.*)

I'faith, Sir, I don't half like it. The Gentlemen might take a fancy to the joke, as you're pleased to call it, and I may be broke upon the wheel merely for the fun of the operation.

FIESKO.

Be not afraid. I pledge my honor for your safety. I shall request the power of naming your punishment, and pardon you in front of the whole nation.

MOOR.

Well, I submit myself. If they *do* stretch my joints a little, it will only render them more supple.

FIESKO.

Here then; raze my arm quickly with your dagger, till the blood flows. I shall pretend to have seized you in the fact. There—that will do! (*with a dreadful voice*) Murder! Murder! Stop up the passages! Let down the portals! Murder! Murder!

(*He drags the MOOR out of the Room by the throat.*)

A crowd of Servants fly across the Stage.)

SCENE IX.

Enter hastily LEONORA—ROSA.

LEONORA.

Sure 'twas the cry of murder ! that I heard !
Murder ! great Heav'n ! the noise too from this quarter !

ROSA.

Only an accidental tumult, depend upon it,
Nothing more common, you know, in Genoa.

LEONORA.

The cry I'm sure, was murder ! and the people's voice
Sent back the word " Fiesko !" Why would you
Conceal it from me ? 'tis easier Rosa,
To elude the eyes, than to deceive the heart !
Quick, quick, I beg you ! follow after them !
And tell me where they've carried him.

ROSA.

Collect yourself Signora ! Bella is there
And will return immediately.

LEONORA.

Yes, Bella will receive his dying breath !
His breaking eyes will gaze their last upon her ;
Oh happy Bella ! 'Tis I, 'tis I have murdered him,
Could but Fiesko have returned my love,
He would not thus have brav'd the snares of faction,
Or fall'n a victim to the fangs of malice !

Enter BELLA.

BELLA.

The Count Signora is alive and safe,
I saw him this moment gallop through the Citadel !
Never was he looking half so well !
His fiery Courser bounded underneath him,
And with indignant hoof, repell'd the crowd,
That throng'd like boisterous waves, around his person.
He mark'd me as he pass'd, smil'd graciously,
And looking towards this quarter, wav'd his hand,
And blew three kisses hither !
What am I to do with them Signora ?

LEONORA (*in ecstasy.*)

Thou prattling girl ! go take them back to him.

ROSA.

There now I declare you're as red as scarlet.

LEONORA.

Alas ! he throws away his heart on others,
While his poor wife must languish for a smile !
Oh women ! women !

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE X.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter GIANETTINO and LOMELLIN (hastily.)

GIANETTINO.

Let them bellow for their freedom, like the Lion
For its young. I am determined !

LOMELLIN.

But Sir !

GIANETTINO.

Go to the devil with your "but," you scarce
Made Procurator ! I will not budge a hair,
Tho' Genoa's Tow'rs should shake their heads at me,
And the rude sea, in boisterous roarings, chide me !

LOMELLIN.

The people are only the fuel, 'tis the nobility
Kindles the blaze; the whole Republic
Is in a ferment, Commoners and Peers !

GIANETTINO.

If so I'll stand like Nero, on an eminence,
And laugh, when I behold the conflagration !

LOMELLIN.

I fear you'll laugh too late ! When once the Vessel
Of the State's in danger, a Stranger often
Seizes on the helm, and pilots her to safety.

GIANETTINO.

Pooh, pooh ! I know but one that dares be troublesome,
And *he*, thank God's provided for !

LOMELLIN.

His Excellency !

The DUKE enters.

(Both bow respectfully.)

DUKE.

Signor Lomellin !

My niece is going to drive out this morning.

LOMELLIN.

I'll do myself the honor to attend her.

(Exit.)

SCENE XI.

ANDREAS—GIANETTINO.

ANDREAS.

Nephew, I am much displeased with you !

GIANETTINO.

Grant me but your ear, one moment, Noble Uncle.

ANDREAS.

It's open to the meanest wretch in Genoa
That deserves it; deaf—to a scoundrel, though
He were——my nephew ! rejoice that still I act
The Uncle towards you, you have deserv'd
The thunder of the Dukedom.

GIANETTINO.

But one word, my Lord !

ANDREAS.

Hear first what thou hast done, and then, (if it
Be possible) reply to it. Thou hast o'erturn'd
A costly edifice, rear'd by the anxious pains
Of half a century, thy Uncle's Mausole-um,

The noblest basis of his pride and glory,
The love and the affection of his People !

GIANETTINO.

My Lord and Uncle !

ANDREAS.

Interrupt me not !

Thou hast destroy'd the happiest form of Government,
That ever yet was plann'd. The gift of Heaven to Genoa !
Earn'd by my labour, purchas'd by my blood !
Thou hast attack'd my princely dignity
In front of the whole nation, by daring
To transgress the laws I made, (for who will value
If my nephew slights them ?)

GIANETTINO (*offended.*)

My Lord, have you not
Brought me up, as heir to Genoa's Dukedom ?

ANDREAS.

Be silent, thou'rt a Traitor to thy Country,
And hast plung'd a dagger in her heart !
Mark me, unthinking Boy ! my Arm is Power
And my Word—Subjection. Because the Shepherd,
Weary with his toils, repos'd a moment
In the evening shade, thought you the flock
Forgotten ? Because Andreas' hairs are grey

With age, dar'dst thou unhallowed Youth, to trample
On his edicts?

GIANETTINO.

My Lord! I cannot bear this!

ANDREAS.

Be silent! I command you! The Ocean listens,
When Andreas speaks, and the rude Waves are mute;
Thou hast insulted the Majesty of Justice,
Even in her very Temple. Know'st thou
The punishment of such a crime, rebellious Traitor?
Now—answer!

(GIANETTINO *fixes his eyes speechless on the ground.*)

(*Pause of some moments.*)

ANDREAS.

Unfortunate Andreas! Even in thy bosom
Hast thou foster'd the Serpent of thy peace.
I built the Genoese a glorious fabric,
And fondly hop'd, it would have laugh'd at Time
And triumph'd o'er his power, and my own Nephew
Is the first, to raze it to the ground!
Away rash youth! * "Go to your chamber,
Fall upon your knees, and pray to Heaven
To intermit the curse, that need's must light
On such Ingratitude!" Go, thank these silver hairs

* Shakspeare.

Which you have brought with sorrow to the grave,
Thank my weak heart, which *ought* but *cannot* hate you,
That such misconduct, leads not—to the scaffold!

(He rushes hastily out.)

(Enter LOMELLIN alarmed and out of breath, GIANETTINO, his eyes still fixed upon the DUKE in speechless consternation.)

LOMELLIN.

What's this that I have witness'd, what have I heard?
For God's sake fly directly, all is lost.

GIANETTINO *(sullenly.)*

What were there yet to lose?

LOMELLIN.

Genoa, my Lord! I come this moment from the market-place. The people there were crowding round a Moor, whom the police was dragging to the torture, Fiesko and above three hundred noblemen attended him; the Moor was seized in an attempt upon Lavagna's life.

GIANETTINO *(stamping wildly with his foot.)*

What, are all the devils in hell let loose together?

LOMELLIN.

They inquired immediately who had hired him—the Moor refused to answer—they put him to the torture—he was still silent—they repeated it a second time—he confessed—

Oh my Lord, what could induce you to commit your honor to the mercy of a scoundrel?

GIANETTINO (*wildly.*)

Ask me no questions.

LOMELLIN.

Hear me farther; no sooner was the name of Doria mentioned, (I'd rather have been doubly damn'd than heard it,) than Fiesko presented himself to the People. You know him well my Lord! the Man, who when he sues, commands; who fathoms with his eye the ^{Nation's} ~~People's~~ hearts, and knows alike to gain and to employ them. The whole assembly throng'd in speechless groups around him, expecting he would speak. He said but little—but lifting high in air his bleeding arm, he waved it slowly to the gazing populace; the crowd now rushed like waves about his person, and each contended for the falling drops, as is if they'd been the relicts of a Martyr! The Moor was then giv'n over to his mercy, and Fiesko (a mortal blow my Lord!) Fiesko pardon'd him. The silent multitude at length broke out in dreadful murmurs, and while each heart in secret, curs'd a Doria, the shouting millions cry'd aloud "Fiesko," "long live Fiesko," and chair'd him to his palace.

GIANETTINO.

Let the rude uproar swell till it is tir'd. Think of the

Emperor Charles ! That single word shall hush the whole sedition, and make them mute and silent as the grave.

LOMELLIN.

You forget how far Bohemia is from Italy. If Charles makes haste, he yet may see your funeral !

GIANETTINO (*taking out a letter with a large seal to it*)

It's lucky then, I've got him here already ! Why stare you Lomellin ? Think you I'm fool enough to rouse their rage, before I've bought their chains ?

LOMELLIN (*astonished.*)

I know not what I think.

GIANETTINO.

And *I* think what *You* know not. It is determined ! Twelve Senators must fall the day after to-morrow. Doria will then be King, and Emperor Charles support him. You look confounded !

LOMELLIN.

Twelve Senators ! My Heart can scarce embrace so black a deed—'tis twelvefold murder !

GIANETTINO.

You fool ! 'tis *nothing*, when a throne's the prize ! Do you see, I touched upon the subject with the Emperor's Ministers. I told them France had still a powerful party here, and that the only way to prevent their getting the

ascendancy a second time, ~~was to~~ exterminate the faction by the roots. (This piqued the Old one, he agreed to my proposals, and you'll be good enough to listen and obey them.

LOMELLIN.

I really know not . . . ;

GIANETTINO.

You'll write what I shall dictate.

LOMELLIN.

Indeed—— I—— I'm ignorant.

GIANETTINO (*fiercely.*)

Sit down and write, I say.

LOMELLIN.

But what am I to write? (*Seating himself.*)

GIANETTINO.

The names of the twelve Candidates.—Francis Zenturione!

LOMELLIN (*writes.*)

That's by way of thanking him, I suppose for the vote he gave you! He leads the procession.

GIANETTINO.

Cornelius Calva!

LOMELLIN.

Calva!

GIANETTINO.

Michael Zibo!

LOMELLIN.

A cooling draught after his late disappointment. He won't trouble us at the next election !

GIANETTINO.

Thomas Asserato, and his three brothers.

LOMELLIN (*hesitates a moment.*)

GIANETTINO (*with emphasis.*)

And his three brothers !

LOMELLIN (*writes.*)

Proceed !

GIANETTINO.

Fiesco Von Lavagna !

LOMELLIN.

Take care, take care ! you'll break your neck over that black stone yet !

GIANETTINO.

Scipio Bourgonino !

LOMELLIN.

That's postponing his marriage with a vengeance.

GIANETTINO.

Raphael Sacco !

LOMELLIN.

I think you might respite him till he pays me my five thousand Scudi. But death makes us all quits.

GIANETTINO.

Vincent Kalkagno!

LOMELLIN.

Kalkagno! The twelfth I'll take upon myself to name
or else, our greatest enemy is forgotten!

Ende gut - alles gut! GIANETTINO.

End well—all—well! Joseph Verrina!

LOMELLIN.

Ah! that's the Serpent's head! (*Rises, shakes sand over
the paper and presents it to the Prince.*) Death gives a
feast the day after to-morrow, and has invited twelve of our
first nobility to the party.

GIANETTINO.

That's settled! In two days more is the Doge election.
When the Signoria is assembled, I shall make a signal with
my handkerchief, on which these twelve will fall. My
Germans then will storm the Senate House—and Gianettino
reign supreme in Genoa!

LOMELLIN.

And Andreas!

GIANETTINO (*in a tone of contempt.*)

Andreas—is a weak, old man! (*Rings, enter a Servant.*)
If the Duke should want me, say, I'm at mass. The Devil
is never half so well conceal'd, as when religion hides him!

LOMELLIN.

But the paper, Prince.

GIANETTINO.

You'll take that with you, and circulate it throughout our party. This Letter (*giving him one*) must be sent to Levanto immediately, it informs Spinola of every thing, and directs his presence in the Citadel at eight to-morrow morning.

LOMELLIN.

But we have forgotten one thing, Fiesko never now attends the Senate.

GIANETTINO.

That's well remembered, but I'll provide for him. The next attempt will perhaps be more successful.

(*Exit by a side Apartment—LOMELLIN goes out at the opposite door.*)

SCENE XII.

SALOON AT FIESKO'S.

FIESKO (*with Papers in his hand*)—*The Moor.*

FIESKO.

So four galleys are arrived !

MOOR.

Safe at anchor in the Darsenna!

FIESKO.

That's fortunate. Whence these expresses?

MOOR.

From Rome, Piacenza, and France.

FIESKO (*breaking the seals.*)

Welcome, welcome in Genoa! (*in high spirits.*) Treat the Couriers magnificently!

MOOR.

Hum! (*going.*)

FIESKO.

Stop, stop, I've business here in abundance for you!

MOOR.

What is it you require, Sir? the Fox's cunning, or the Scorpion's sting?

FIESKO.

No—this time—the Decoy Duck's sagacity. To-morrow morning two thousand men will enter Genoa under different disguises to assist my present undertaking. You'll distribute your Creatures at the different gates, with directions to keep a sharp eye upon every passenger. Some will come as a Troop of Pilgrims, who are going to Loretto; others as a Body of Friars; and many as Players and Musicians; the

most however as disbanded Soldiers, who are anxious to obtain employment in our service. Every Stranger is to be asked where he puts up? If he answers "at the Golden Serpent" you'll treat him as a Friend and show my Quarters. But remember, Sirrah! I depend upon your prudence . . .

MOOR.

You may—as on my villainy. If but a single one of them escape me, I'll give you leave to use my Eyes as small shot, and shoot at Sparrows with them.

(*Going.*)

FIESKO.

Stop, here's something else. The arrival of these Gallies will give rise to various conjectures; you'll therefore note what's said of them. If any body questions you about them, say, you heard that I was going to cruize against the Turks. Do you understand me?

MOOR.

Perfectly. We'll lay the Beards of the Unbelievers at the top, and let them find out themselves what's at the bottom. They w'ont be long in suspense.

(*Going.*)

FIESKO.

One thing more. Gianettino has fresh cause to hate, and consequently to lay snares for me. Do *you* look out among

your comrades, and see if you can gain any intelligence of his designs. He is fond of visiting Houses of ill-fame—Follow him there I desire you! Hang around the Daughters of Pleasure—the Secrets of the Cabinet are often concealed in the folds of a petticoat. Promise them golden Customers. Promise them even your Master; there is nothing so great or so honorable, as not to be ventured for public advantage.

MOOR.

Zounds! now I think of it, I have free access to a certain Lady of this description. I have been employed by her this twelvemonth. Her name is Diana Bononi, and if I'm not much mistaken, I saw the new Procurator Lomellin, coming from her the evening before last.

FIESKO.

That's fortunate indeed! This Lomellin is the right hand of Doria—the key to all his follies and his secrets. Go there early to-morrow—perhaps he may be acting as the Endymion of this chaste goddess to-night.

MOOR.

But one word more, Sir! Suppose the Genoese should ask me, (and the devil take me if they do not,) "What thinks Fiesko of his Country's sufferings?" Let me know

whether you still intend to wear the mask, or what's to be my answer.

FIESKO.

Your answer!—Wait a moment, 'tis time to think of *that*—the Fruit is almost ripe, and we must shortly pluck it! Your answer?—Say “Genoa's Head is now upon the Block, and that your Master's name is Lewis John Fiesko!”

MOOR.

Aye that I will, I warrant you! I'll bring it out at every second word, and feed their minds with doubts and apprehensions. But I must be quick—my Feet have both their Hands full of employment. Suppose, to keep them in good humour, I satisfy my stomach's cravings first, and *then* about the business.—(*He runs off and returns.*)—Apropos, I'd almost lost my memory by my chattering. You desired to know what passed between Kalkagno and your wife. I'll tell you, Sir. The Marquis declared love to her, but *she* rejected it with indignation; and then they stormed and parted—that was all!

(*Exit.*)

SCENE XIII.

FIESKO (*Solus.*)

FIESKO.

I'm sorry for Kalkagno; but could he really think
That I would trifle with Leonora's honor,
Unless *Her* virtue and my own desert
Had rendered it secure? He's much mistaken!

But welcome notwithstanding!
Thou art a gallant Soldier, and I want thy arm
To work the Fall of Doria!

(*Walking heroically backwards and forwards.*)

Now Doria, I defy thee!
At length the mighty Enterprize is fix'd,
All the Machines that give it Life, in motion,
And every different Instrument attun'd,
To sound in dreadful Concert.
I've only now to tear away the mask,
And show Fiesco to the Friends of Genoa!
But who comes here to interrupt me?

SCENE XIV.

Enter VERRINA—ROMANO (carrying a Picture,)

SACCO, BOURGONINO, and KALKAGNO.

*They all bow to FIESKO—He hastens towards them with the
most engaging affability.*

FIESKO.

Welcome, my worthy friends, most welcome !
But what important circumstance is this,
That brings you in such crowds to visit me ?
And you there too Verrina !
I should e'er this have almost have forgotten you,
Were you as seldom present to my Thoughts
As you are to my Eyes. Surely I have not seen you
Since the Masquerade.

VERRINA.

Mention it not Fiesko !

Since last we parted, Misfortune's hand
Has rested heavy on me ! But enough of *this*.

FIESKO.

Oh say not so Verrina ! a friend's affection
Will not thus be satisfied. You'll tell me more
When we're alone !

(*To BOURGONINO.*)

Welcome my youthful Hero,
Our acquaintance is but green, but my regard
Is mellow. I hope you've bettered your opinion of me.

BOURGONINO.

Indeed I'm thinking of it.

FIESKO.

I understand Verrina,
This young man's to be your son-in-law,
Accept my warmest approbation of your choice.
I never spoke to him but once, and yet,
I should be *proud* to call him mine.

VERRINA.

Your judgment makes me proud too, of my daughter.

FIESKO (*to the others.*)

Sacco, Kalkagno !

You have indeed agreeably surprised me,
I scarcely ever see you in these rooms.
Indeed I blush to think, how little I'm acquainted

With Genoa's noblest Citizens. And here too
I behold another guest, (a Stranger it is true,)
But yet a highly acceptable visiter,
When found in such a circle.

ROMANO.

A Painter in plain terms, his name Romano,
Who steals a livelihood from Nature's works,
And feeds upon her beauties. Whose pencil, Sir,
Is all that he can boast of, and who comes here,

(Bowing low to Fiesko.)

To seek the manly outlines for a Brutus.

FIESKO.

Give me your hand Romano, the Mistress of your art
Is a relation of our family, and I myself
Esteem her as a Brother. Art is the right hand
Of Nature, the one created Creatures only,
The other made them Men. But what is it you paint?

ROMANO.

Scenes from the nervous ages of antiquity.
My dying Hercules is placed at Florence,
My Cleopatra at Venice, and the raging Ajax
At Rome, where the Heroes of former times,
Rise again in the Vatican.

FIESKO.

But on what subject
Is your pencil immediately employed?

ROMANO.

Alas Sir, it is thrown away! The Torch of Genius
Frequently expires, before the Lamp of Life.
I'm satisfied beyond a certain point,
There's no improvement. This is my last attempt.

FIESKO (*politely.*)

It could not have been brought more seasonably,
My mind enjoys to day, a cheerfulness and calm,
It has been long deprived of. I never felt myself
So well disposed, to dedicate an hour
To Nature's Beauties. Pray raise the Picture.
I promise to myself a Feast of Pleasure.
Assemble round my Friends, and let's devote ourselves
Entirely to the Artist.

VERRINA (*winks to the rest.*)

Now mark him well, my Countrymen!

ROMANO (*raising the picture.*)

The light must fall on this side; draw up that curtain,
And let down the other.

That's right. (*Stepping aside.*) It is the story
Of Virginia and Appius Claudius.

(A long and solemn pause, during which every one is engaged in contemplating the Painting.)

VERRINA.

(With wild enthusiasm.)

Rage on! Rage on old Greybeard! What! dost thou tremble
Tyrant? And You ye clods of Romans, stand around,
Dismay'd and ghastly! Follow him Romans,
Follow him! mark how the poignard glitters!
Follow me Clods of Genoa! Follow me!
Down with the Dorias! Down with them for ever!

(He strikes furiously at the Picture.)

FIESKO *(smiling to ROMANO.)*

What greater approbation could you wish for?
Your art, you see, has made a young Enthusiast
Of the old Verrina.

VERRINA *(exhausted.)*

Where am I? What have I been thinking of?
Gone like a dream of yesterday! You here Fiesko?
Fiesko!—yet the Tyrant lives.

FIESKO.

There it is you see, these flights of fancy
Render you entirely blind to real beauty.
Think you this Roman head so admirable?
Away with it! Behold the fair Virginia,

What sweet expression and what charming softness !
Mark but the beauty of her fading lips,
The last, expiring languor of her eye !
Inimitable ! Heavenly ! Romano !
And then, the snowy lustre of her breast,
Swell'd by her dying breath, like the round wave
Beneath the evening breeze. Oh Romano !
If you have many more such nymphs as these,
I'll quickly bend before the shrine of Art,
And bid adieu to Nature.

BOURGONINO (*aside.*)

Verrina !

Is this the favorable result you hoped for ?

VERRINA (*aside.*)

Take courage Bourgonino. Since God refuses us
Fiesko's arm, He reckons on our own !

FIESKO.

Yes Romano, it *is* your last performance,
Your genius is exhausted in perfection.
Touch not a pencil more. But let me not forget
The work itself, by dwelling on the Artist.
I could stand here and gaze in silent rapture,
E'en while an earthquake shook the trembling world.
Remove the picture quickly. Were I to pay you,

What is justly due to your Virginia's beauty,
The sale of Genoa's self would scarcely
Reach its value! Away with it I say.

ROMANO.

The Artist's noblest recompense, is—Honor!
I beg you will accept it.

(*Going.*)

FIESKO.

One moment more Romano!

(He walks majestically up and down the Saloon, and seems to brood over some extraordinary resolution. Sometimes he glances his eye quickly over the Conspirators. Sometimes he contemplates them with sharp and earnest attention. At length seizing the Painter by the head, he steps up with him before the Picture, and proceeds in a strain of infinite dignity and grandeur.)

Come here Romano! And art thou therefore proud,
Because thou stampest Life on senseless Canvas,
And can'st immortalize a noble Deed,
By trifling with a Pencil? You boast with Poet's Heat
The Powers of Fancy. I grant ye, they are your's.
But where's the godlike Enterprize itself?
The manly Action or the warm Reality?
Lost in the cold display of *pictur'd* Virtue!

Thou overturn'st a Tyrant upon *Linen*,
And art thyself a miserable Slave !
Thou free'st Republics with a Pencil's stroke,
And can'st not even loosen thy own Chains !

(In a high and commanding tone.)

Begone ! thy Art's a bubble and thy Labor useless—
The Semblance sink, asham'd before the Deed !

(With grandeur, overturning the Tablet.)

I have perform'd—What Thou hast only painted !

*(Pause of astonishment, during which ROMANO carries off
the Picture in confusion.)*

FIESKO *(breaking the pause.)*

And did you really think, the Lion slept
Because he roar'd not?
Did you endeavour to persuade yourselves,
That *You alone* could feel the Chains of Genoa,
That *You alone*, were bold enough to break them ?
E'er e'en the Rattling of them reach'd your Ears,
Fiesko's Self had burst them !

*(He opens a Bureau, takes out a packet of Letters and
throws them on the Table.)*

Here Soldiers from Parma !

Here Money from France ! Here four Galleys from the Pope !

What is there wanting I'd be glad to know,

To overturn the Despot? What more do you require,
Or can you think of?

(The whole assembly remains lost in silent wonder. FIESKO steps aside with dignity, and assuming an air of conscious superiority.)

Republicans! Republicans!

I see you're much more fitted to *detest*
Than to *dethrone* a Tyrant!

(The whole, with the exception of VERRINA, throw themselves speechless at FIESKO's feet.)

VERRINA.

I bend my Soul,
But not my Knee, Fiesko. Thou art, I own, a great Man.
But Rise my Countrymen.

FIESKO.

All Genoa blames the effeminate Fiesko,
All Genoa vents its Censures on his Folly,
And deprecates his shameless Gallantry—
But you, my Countrymen, will do me Justice.
This Gallantry has deceiv'd an artful Tyrant.
This folly has conceal'd a dangerous Wisdom
And blinded Curiosity itself—The great Design
Lay hid amid the folds of Luxury;
At length *You* know me—and in *You*—my Country!

My highest Wish is gratified !

BOURGONINO.

(Throwing himself discontentedly into a chair.)

And am I nothing more ? //

FIESKO.

But let us quickly haste from Words to Actions.

All my dispositions are in readiness.

I can besiege the Town by Land and Water.

Rome, France, and Parma, will support me.

The Nobility is ripe for a Revolt.

The People's Hearts are mine already.

The Tyrants too are lull'd into security,

And the Republic only waits the word

To overturn their Power. Nothing is wanting.

But . . . Verrina ! You are thoughtful !

BOURGONINO.

Patience !

I have a word shall rouse him from his Reverie.

Like the last Trump upon the day of Judgment.

(He steps up to VERRINA and calls to him in a solemn voice.)

"Father—Awake ! or Innocence—despairs !"

VERRINA *(starting.)*

Who spoke that word ?

To th' work, to th' work, my Countrymen !

*

FIESKO.

Reflect—and then perform.

Already has the night o'ertaken us

In this long debate. Genoa's asleep!

The Tyrant too, exhausted with his crimes,

Sinks into short Repose. We must keep watch o'er both!

BOURGONINO.

But e'er we part, let's strengthen with a warm embrace,

The patriot Ties that bind us to each other.

(They join hands and form a circle.)

BOURGONINO *(continues.)*

Here five of Genoa's noblest Hearts unite,

Determined to redeem their sinking Country.

(With graceful animation.)

When the great Globe, shall crumble to its Base,

And the last Judgment Day shall separate

The Bands of Love, of Nature, and of Friendship,

Then, shall this Patriot Orb, remain entire! *(they separate.)*

VERRINA.

When shall we meet again.

FIESKO.

I'll collect your sentiments at twelve o'clock to-morrow.

VERRINA.

At twelve to-morrow then! Good night, Fiesko!

Come Bourgonino. I have something of importance
To disclose to you!

FIESKO (*to the others.*)

Go out at the back door,
That Doria's spies may not observe you.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE XV.

FIESKO (*solus.*)

(*Walking pensively up and down the Room.*)

FIESKO.

What tumult in my breast! What secret flights of Thought!
I tremble at the Dreams my Fancy weaves;
They are not dreams of Virtue!
These are the Phantoms of a frenzied Brain!
Fearful and slow, they steal across my mind,
Like midnight Murderers, who suspect each other.
The Ruffians startle at the whispering breeze,
And shuddering, stand on tiptoe.

At length, in silent dread, they creep along,
And fix their blushing Visages on earth,
Lest Darkness self should view them
Wait, wait, perturbed Visitors! Let's look you in the face!
An upright thought disdains to seek concealment.
It strings with confidence the human heart,
And bids Defiance to the voice of Conscience.
Erect and unappall'd, it moves along,
And glories in the Sun's meridian Lustre!
Wait! I command you! ah! I know ye now.
Ye wear the cunning livery of Satan! Begone!

(A pause of some moments—Coming to himself.)

To reign or not to reign, that is the question!
Sovereign Fiesko! Citizen Fiesko!
Ah here's the gulf that severs vice from virtue,
Hell from Heaven! the dark abyss,
In which so many Patriots of antiquity,
Have plunged to endless infamy and ruin.
'Twas here they totter'd—and 'twas here—they fell,
And now the world assails their name with *curses*.
This is the point, at which the *Few* have doubted,
Check'd their progress, and now are class'd
With Demigods and Heroes!
But then—to think that Genoa's hearts are mine!

Mine, the dread Pow'r that gives the Law to Italy.
 To think that I bestride the furious Lion,
 And turn him where I list! How cunning is the Tempter!
 With every sin he yokes some smiling Virtue.—
 Unfortunate Ambition! Primeval Madness!
 In thy embrace, the Seraphs lost a Heaven,
 While Death obtain'd a Throne.
 Angels thou lur'st with Songs of Immortality!
 And Men, with Gold, with Women, and with Crowns.

(After a pause of some moments—determined.)

To gain a princely Diadem—is great—
 To lay it down—is Godlike!

(Firm and decided.)

Then fall the Tyrant! Genoa be free! And I

(Sinking into softness.)

~~Thy Friend, thy Saviour, and thy Citizen!!!~~

mir "dem glücklichsten Bürger"

The Curtain falls.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A savage wilderness in the neighbourhood of Genoa.

Time—Midnight.

Enter VERRINA.—BOURGONINO.

BOURGONINO (*stops short.*)

But whither do you lead me Father? the melancholy

Tone of voice with which you bade me follow you,

Still vibrates on my ear.

Why heaves your breast so heavily?

Speak I conjure you! I will go no further.

VERRINA.

This is the place!

BOURGONINO.

O Father, if what you have to say,
Bear any likeness to this dreadful solitude,
My hairs will stand on end

VERRINA.

Tut, tut! This gloom is cheerfulness itself,
To the dark night that shadows my sad soul.
Were I to suit the temper of my Mind,
I'd lead you, where Corruption holds her banquet,
And the dread King of Terrors, grimly feasts
On mouldering remnants of Mortality!
I'd lead you where the shrieks of damned souls,
Amuse the hosts of Satan;
Where the big tears of sorrow fruitless roll
Along the leaky sieves of endless time.
I'd lead you, to the world's extremest bounds
Where Nature withers and looks blank with horror;
Where even the Deity puts off his essence
And Vice itself supplies the place of Virtue
There, while the Thunders roar'd, and Lightenings
Flash'd around me, I'd ease my burden'd soul
In wild convulsions, and thy young teeth should
Chatter at the tale!

BOURGONINO.

What is it, I conjure you !

VERRINA.

Young man, I fear thy blood is rosy red !
Thy heart is soft and easily affected !
Thy disposition tremblingly alive,
To all the various sorrows of Humanity !
Not so with me ! The warmth of sensibility expires,
Beneath the clay cold touch of icy wisdom.
Had but the frost of age or hand of grief,
Subdu'd the lightsome sallies of thy spirits,
Had the black clotted blood of suffering nature,
Shut up each melting passage to thy heart ;
Then, wer'st thou fit to understand my grief,
And start at my Resolve

BOURGONINO.

I'll hear it and make mine !

VERRINA.

Not so, my son ! Verrina spares thy heart
The painful duty. O Scipio ! heavy burdens
Press upon my breast ; a thought more dismal
Than the gloomy night, appals my shuddering soul !
'Tis more than human nature can sustain !

See'st thou my Son !

Alone I will perform the dreadful deed,

But not *alone*, can I support th' idea of it.

Were pride my failing, Scipio, I might tell thee,

How great the torment of a noble mind,

That dares to do—but trembles to—accomplish.

Greatness is fallen in the eyes of Heaven,

And Friendship mourns, what Piety determines !

Hear me, Scipio !

BOURGONINO.

My soul is swallowed up in thine !

VERRINA.

Hear me, but answer nothing ! nothing, young man ;

No, not a single word ! be silent as the grave.

Fiesko !——dies !

BOURGONINO (*petrified with horror.*)

Dies ?——Fiesko ?

VERRINA.

Dies ! 'I thank thee, God of Heaven, 'tis out at last !

Fiesko dies ! yes—dies, my son, thro' me.

Now go, some deeds there are, which cast aside

The judgment of mankind, and own no other Arbiter

Than Heaven ! 'Tis one of them ! Go home, my son,

I neither ask your praise nor condemnation,

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I know how much the sacrifice is worth,
And therewith, I'm contented! But yet, a word!—
'Tis possible you may reflect for years,
And still, be ignorant what motives guide me.
I'll tell you e're we part.—Did you not mark Him yesterday?
With what a sense of conscious pride He view'd us!
How proud his step! How dignified his gesture!
How his eye sparkled with superior worth,
And seem'd to glory in our consternation!
Believe me, Bourgonino, the Man whose treacherous smile
Could lead astray the powers of Italy,
Will never bear an equal in his country.
Go home, my Son!
'Tis very certain that Fiesko's Hand
Will overturn the Tyrant, but still more certain,
That Fiesko's Heart—will subjugate his Country!

(He hurries off.)

*(BOURGONINO remains some time with his eyes fixed upon him
in speechless consternation, and then slowly follows him.)*

SCENE II.

SALOON AT FIESKO'S.

*(In the back ground a large Glass-door which opens to
a Prospect of Genoa and the Sea.)*

Time—Dawn of Day.

FIESKO *(looking from a window.)*

What's this?—The Moon is down ! the Morning rises
Fiery from the Sea ! wild flights of Fancy
Have disturb'd my rest, and robb'd me of repose,
Still my mind clings convulsive to its object,
And doubts and fears but strengthen it the more.
I'll try the morning air !

*(He opens the glass door. The City and Ocean appear
empurpled with the morning dawn.)*

(With hurried steps up and down the room.)

To think, that *I'm* the greatest man in Genoa,
That all the lesser souls should crowd around me,

And seek a shelter in Fiesko's power !
But then, I violate the cause of Virtue !
(*Stopping short.*) Virtue ? the noble mind
Has different rules of action from the common.
What's vice in one man, in another's greatness.
The Armour that confines a Pigmy's frame
Say, is it fitted for the Giant's carcase ?

(*The Sun rises over Genoa.*)

And this majestic City !

(*Hastening with extended arms to the window.*)

To think that it is mine !
That I should blaze resplendent as the Sun,
And shed like him my dazzling glories round it.
That all the fondest hopes that Fancy forms,
And wild Ambition weaves, would then be realized.
That I should be a King !
Surely, though petty faults debase the soul,
A mighty crime ennobles Vice, and makes it
Pass for Virtue. To steal a purse, is shameful,
To embezzle Millions—bold—but great—yea,
Godlike great, to seize a Crown ! The splendid motive
Justifies the deed, and glosses o'er its blackness.

(*A pause, then with emphasis.*)

Obey ! Command ! Subjection ! Sovereignty !

Aye—there's the dreadful gap—not to be fill'd by Nature.
Throw in it all that mighty man can boast of,
The joys of Victory, the delights of Conquest,
The charms of Science, and the works of Art,
The sweets of Luxury and the wealth of Nations,
Still—yawns the opening cleft and longs for more.
Obey! Command! To be, or not to be!
The brightest Angel, and the blackest Fiend,
Are not more wide disjoined!
But then to rise to such majestic greatness
And gaze superior on a prostrate World;
To quaff in flowing cups the draughts of pleasure,
And lead away the Tyrant Law in chains;
To tame the furious passions of the Populace,
As easy as the Horseman reins his steed,
And manages his ardor!
To level to the dust a Vassal's pride,
E'en with a breath, before he dares to murmur!—
Heavens! how the godlike thought inflames my soul
And raises it to rapture! To be one moment King!
Comprises the whole essence of existence!
A Great Man's life is measured by his actions,
And sure 'tis better to expire at once,
Amid a circling blaze of deathless glory,

Than to drag on a fruitless length of years,
And sink at last unheeded and forgotten !
We cannot live by piece-meal ! 'Tis not
To parcel out our time in follies, or spend it
By degrees in idle state, that makes us truly noble !
'Tis to confine it to a single hour,
And end it with applause. Just so, the Thunder's roar !
Reduce it to its simplest elements,
And it will hush an infant to repose.
But once unite it in a sudden crash,
And the Monarchal Burst shall shake the world !
————— I am determin'd ! ———

SCENE III.

THE FORMER—LEONORA *enters in evident agitation.*

LEONORA.

I ask your pardon, Count ! Perhaps I disturb you !

FIESKO (*stepping back with astonishment.*)

Why indeed, Madam, I confess you do surprise me !

LEONORA.

Ah, that's a word unknown to real love !

FIESKO.

But why, fair Countess, do you thus expose
Your Beauty to the raw-cold morning ?

LEONORA.

I know not why the little that remains
Should be reserved for sorrow.

FIESKO.

Sorrow—did you say ? I really thought, my dear,
That, *not to set a Nation by the ears*,
Had hitherto, been called “Serenity !”

LEONORA.

That's possible, but still I feel,
This same “Serenity” will break my heart !
I am come, Sir, to trouble you with a slight request,
If you can spare me time to listen to it—
For this last seven months, I indulged the pleasing dream,
That I was Countess of Lavagna ! but it is fled at last !
And my head smarts from it. It will require
The full enjoyment of those spotless hours,
In which I pass'd my childhood, to dissipate
The idle thought, and heal my mind entirely.
Allow me therefore, I entreat you, to return

To my dear mother's arms!

FIESKO (*in the greatest consternation.*)

Countess!

LEONORA.

Indeed this heart of mine's so weak and delicate,
That you must have compassion with it;
And since the slightest recollection of the past
Would tend but to disturb my sickly fancy;
Permit me to restore to their right owner
The different Pledges of that fond Regard,
With which He *once* was kind enough to honor me—

(*She lays several Trinkets on the Table.*)

Here too the dagger that has pierc'd my heart

(*His Love-letter.*)

While I (*rushing with emotion out of the room.*)

Keep nothing but—the Wound!

FIESKO.

(*Strongly affected, hastens after and detains her.*)

Great God, Leonora! What a scene is this!

LEONORA (*sinking on his neck.*)

I have not merited to be your wife—

But then—your wife has merited attention!

Even now how busy is the Tongue of Calumny!

The Girls of Genoa already point at me!

Women

"Observe," say they "the proud One, how she pines,
That married with Fiesko!" But I've deserv'd it all—
It is the just reward of female vanity!
Oh I remember—I despis'd my sex,
When *You*, Fiesko—led me to the altar!

FIESKO.

But really, Madonna! this is a most extraordinary scene.

LEONORA (*aside.*)

Ah he changes colour! Now I'm determined!

FIESKO.

But two days, Countess! then pass sentence on me.

LEONORA.

That I should thus be sacrific'd!
(Let me not name it Virgin Light before thee!)
Yes sacrific'd—even to a . . . shameless woman!
But look me in the face, Fiesko!
In truth the eye that makes all Genoa tremble,
Sinks down abashed before a woman's tear!

FIESKO (*in great confusion.*)

No more Signora! not a word more!

LEONORA (*with feeling and severity.*)

To rend a poor weak woman's heart with anguish!
Oh! 'twas a triumph worthy of the Sex,
That boasts the power to cherish and to save!

Heaven is my witness—how I lov'd this Man !
How my fond soul was wrapped up in his Greatness,
And clung transported to his various Virtues !
His strength was my support—His fame, my Glory !
Each tender hope was grafted on his kindness,
And all my Woman's weaknesses repos'd,
In trembling confidence, on his Affection !
I gave Him my whole heart ! And *now*, the *generous* Man !
Bestows it on——a

FIESKO (*hastily interrupting her.*)

No ! no ! not so, *my* Leonora !

LEONORA.

My Leonora ! did you say ? Thank Heaven,
That is once more the silver sound of Love !
I ought to hate you False One—but alas !
My anxious bosom eagerly devours,
The last, sad relicts of thy lost affections !
But no, I cannot hate you, did I say *hate*—Fiesko ?
Oh ! believe it not. Your Falsehood may instruct me
How to die, but cannot teach, to——hate you !

(*The Moor is heard coming through the gallery.*)

FIESKO.

Grant me one small request, I beg of you !

LEONORA.

Oh any thing Fiesko—but——“Indifference !”

FIESKO.

Command me as you please—I will obey you !

But hear me, Leonora ! (*significantly.*)

Till two days more have vanish'd over Genoa,

Forbear alike to question or condemn me !

(*He hands her gracefully into a side apartment.*)

SCENE IV.

FIESKO—*Enter* The Moor (*out of breath.*)

FIESKO.

What's the matter now ?

MOOR.

Quick, Sir ! Quick !

FIESKO.

Any thing new stirring ?

MOOR.

Read this Letter ! But am I really here ? Egad I believe Genoa is grown shorter by twelve streets, or else my legs are grown long in proportion. You look pale ! Yes,

they'll play at cards for men's heads—and your's will be Game—how do you like that?

FIESKO (*throwing the Letter disturbed on the Table.*)

Hell and the Devil, how came *you* by this Letter?

MOOR.

Just about the same way your Excellency came by the Republic. An Express was sent off with it to Levanto: I weathered the joke, way-lay the Gentleman, put a ball thro' his body, and walked off with the prize.

FIESKO.

His blood be on your head! The letter is not to be paid with gold.

MOOR.

I'll thank you for *silver* notwithstanding. (*Assuming an air of solemn importance.*) I'll tell you what, Lavagna! 'Twas but the other day I myself took a fancy to your head. Here again (*pointing to the Letter*) I have had it in my power. Now I think the Master and the Man are quits. For, what follows, you are indebted to—my—Friendship! (*Giving him another Paper.*) Number Two.

FIESKO.

Are you mad?

MOOR.

Number Two, I say. (*He places himself in an impudent*

posture opposite FIESKO and looks at him stedfastly with his arms akimbo.) I think the Lion had his wits about him when he forgave the Mouse! Who else would now have gnawn the net asunder? Well, how do you fancy that?

FIESKO.

Scoundrel, how many devils have you in your service?

MOOR.

Only one, please your Honor, and He's paid by your Excellency.

FIESKO.

'Tis Doria's own signature! Where did you get this paper?

MOOR.

Warm from the hands of my Bononi. I went there last night, gave her abundance of sweet words, (and what I fancy was much more agreeable,) good Sequins. The latter carried the day. She told me to call at six this morning. The Count was there as you expected, and paid her in black and white for her contraband caresses.

FIESKO (*passionately.*)

Fie on these women milksops! they think to strow Republics in the dust, and cannot keep their secrets from a strumpet! From these papers I observe that Doria and his party, have made a plot to murder me with eleven of our Senators, and then proclaim Gianettino, Sovereign!

MOOR.

Just so, and that too on the morning of the Doge election, the third of the month.

FIESKO.

Our busy night shall crush their morning in its embryo, and blast it e're it buds. Quick, Hassan, my affairs are ripe! Every thing is in readiness. We must be *dreadfully* beforehand with them, and lead the scene of slaughter. Come, come, bestir thyself.

MOOR.

But wait, I have a budget of news for you. Two thousand men are safely manœuvred into the City; I have ordered them to the Augustin Monastery where no Imp of Royalty will be able to discover them. They are noble fellows and burn with desire to see their Master.

FIESKO.

For every one of them you receive a Scudi. But what thinks Genoa of the Galleys?

MOOR.

Oh I've a fine tale to amuse you with on that subject. You know the four hundred adventurers who have been sent to the right about by the peace between France and Spain; they have been laying close siege to my people, and begging them to put in a good word for them, that you may employ

them in your Galleys against the Turks. I have ordered them to attend here at the Palace about Five in the afternoon.

FIESKO.

By Heavens, Sirrah! I could almost embrace you. This is indeed a master stroke. Four hundred didst thou say? Genoa is not to be saved. 400 Scudi are thine!

MOOR (*familiarly.*)

Strike hands, Fiesko. I think you and I together may do the business! We'll shew both the Dorias the door, and sweep up the laws with a besom! But there's one thing I forgot to tell you, I have a number of creatures in this very garrison on whom I can depend as certainly as on my going to the devil; now I have so managed it, that at least six of them will be on duty at each gate to night; these will be enough to amuse the rest of the guard, and drench their five senses in liquor, so that if you're disposed for a frolic this evening, you'll find all the sentries asleep.

FIESKO.

No more. As yet the mighty burden of the deed has rested on myself—no human aid has help'd me to support it. And shall I *now*, arrived upon the verge of its completion, allow the greatest scoundrel in the world, to bear away the merit? Forbid it Heaven! But here's my hand, my boy!

Whatever Count Lavagna is indebted to you, the Duke Fiesko will not fail to pay you.

MOOR.

Here's a billet too, I received from her Imperial Highness, the Lady Julia. She winked to me in the street to walk up, treated me with vast condescension, and ask'd me sarcastically if the Countess Lavagna had not lately had an attack of Jaundice? Please your Highness, says I, how comes it you enquire after my Lady only?

FIESKO.

(Who has been reading the note, throws it carelessly away.)

Very well said indeed, and what answered she?

MOOR.

Answered? Why she said she *pitied* the poor Woman's unhappy situation, and as a proof of it, desired I would forbid your Excellency's future attentions.

FIESKO (*sneeringly.*)

She need not alarm herself. They won't last for ever, I promise her! Is this the sum total, Hassan?

MOOR.

Why you know, my Lord, Gallantry and the Ladies should always follow politics and State matters.

FIESKO.

Oh of course, for in truth they're a good deal connected.
But what are you going to do with that paper?

MOOR.

The old trade, forget one piece of villainy by committing
another. The Signora gave me these powders, with direc-
tions to mix one daily in your Wife's chocolate.

FIESKO (*stepping back, pale and astonished.*)

Gave you what?

MOOR (*with great sangfroid.*)

These powders to mix in your Wife's chocolate. Donna
Julia, Her Imperial Highness.

FIESKO.

(*Snatching them hastily from him, and seizing him by
the collar.*)

Liest thou, thou lump of darkness, I'll bind thee living to
the steeple's top, and leave thee to the wind's disporting
mercy! These powders?

MOOR (*sulkily.*)

Are to be mixed daily in your Wife's chocolate. The
Lady Julia ordered it. I told you so before.

FIESKO.

Infernal villainy! and to that charming Creature! Who
would have thought that such a damned design, could e'er

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have ripened in a female bosom? But I forget to thank thee Providence for rendering it abortive! Abortive, thro' an instrument more black, than she that would have us'd it. Thy ways are wonderful! (*To the Moor.*) You'll promise to obey and to be silent.

MOOR.

With all my heart! The last is easily done, for she paid me in advance.

FIESKO.

This note invites me to her. Yes, Madam, I *will* come, and I'll persuade you too, to follow me. That's well, do thou make every haste, and call the whole Conspiracy together.

MOOR.

I anticipated this order, and have directed the attendance of every Individual here, precisely at ten o'clock.

FIESKO.

I hear some footsteps! It is they themselves. Oh fellow! thou dost deserve a gallows of thy own, where yet no son of Adam was suspended. Retire until I call.

MOOR (*going out.*)

Yes, the Moor has done his business, he may go.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE V.

Enter THE CONSPIRATORS.

FIESKO (*meeting them.*)

The clouds are gathering, and the storm approaches. Tread lightly as you enter! Bar, close the doors, I beg.

VERRINA.

Fiesko! we've secur'd eight rooms behind us. Suspicion's self cannot approach within a hundred paces.

BOURGONINO.

We're safe enough unless our fears betray us.

FIESKO.

Fear comes not o'er my threshold! Welcome who thinks as yesterday. Be seated!

BOURGONINO (*walking hastily up and down.*)

Oh 'tis impossible to *sit* and plot destruction!

FIESKO.

This is an important hour, my Countrymen!

VERRINA.

You have requir'd us to consider of the means to kill the Tyrant. Ask our opinions, we are here to answer.

FIESKO.

Then first this question, (which indeed comes late enough to sound extraordinary.) "Who is it that's to fall?"

(A general silence.)

BOURGONINO.

(Leaning over FIESKO's chair, fixes him steadfastly with his eye, and utters impressively.)

"The Tyrants!"

FIESKO.

Well said indeed, the Tyrants. But I recommend you, to weigh *well* that word's importance! Which is the greatest Tyrant? *He* who has power to subvert our freedom, or *He* who only wishes to destroy it?

VERRINA.

The first I fear, the latter I detest! Andreas Doria fall!

KALKAGNO.

What, Andreas! the good, the old Andreas! Whose account with nature will perhaps be out to-morrow!

SACCO.

The venerable, mild Andreas!

FIESKO.

Oh Sacco, there's the danger; it is the old man's mildness is so formidable! Compar'd to this, the Nephew's proud

ambition is ridiculous ! Andreas Doria fall ! There spoke Verrina's wisdom !

BOURGONINO.

Fetters of Silk or Iron, 'tis the same ; they still are Fetters and——Andreas fall !

FIESKO (*going to the table.*)

That point is settled then. The Nephew and the Uncle sink together. Your signatures. (*They all sign their names.*) We now come to the second question—'tis equally important. How ? Do you speak first Kalkagno !

KALKAGNO.

We must execute the deed as soldiers, or as murderers. The first is dangerous, because it obliges us to have numbers privy to it, and because the people's hearts are not secur'd to us. The second is as easy as it's certain. Here are five trusty daggers. In three days time there is High Mass at Saint Lorenzo's ; the Dorias will certainly attend there. And if a Tyrant's fears can ever rest, they'll sleep upon the altar of devotion. I have said all !

FIESKO (*turning away.*)

Oh fie Kalkagno, this prudent mode of your's is quite abominable ! What say you, Sacco ?

SACCO.

I like Kalkagno's mode of arguing, tho' not his plan of

*

acting. Better I think invite them to a Feast, and bid a Host of Enemies to meet them; they then may choose their death, and either find it at our daggers points, or drink it down in cups of flowing Cyprus. At least this method is convenient!

FIESKO.

Oh consider, Sacco! What if each drop that cools their dying tongues, should turn to boiling pitch, and prove to them a foretaste of damnation! What then? Away with this advice! Speak you, Verrina!

VERRINA.

An open heart disdains a Mask's concealment! If we assassinate the Dorias, we rank ourselves with murderers and banditti. 'Tis the drawn sword alone that marks the hero! It's my advice, we give the dreadful signal, stir up at once the fury of sedition, and call aloud "For Genoa, and for Freedom!"

(He starts from his chair, the others follow his example, and BOURGONINO throws himself upon his neck.)

BOURGONINO.

And force with armed hand, success from fortune. That is the voice of honor and my own!

FIESKO.

And my own likewise. Fie, fie, my Countrymen! Fortune has been too favorable already to us. It is but fair that we

exert ourselves, and hazard something on this great occasion.
An Insurrection then, and that to-night.

SACCO.

To-night, Fiesko? As yet there's nothing done, and it's
already sunset.

FIESKO.

It's true, our motives for delay are numerous. But read
these papers.

*(He gives them the manuscript with GIANETTINO's signature,
and while they are intent upon reading it, walks majestically
up and down the room.)*

And now farewell, bright Star of Doria's fortune! Long
hast thou shone resplendent in the Heavens, and blaz'd su-
preme o'er Genoa's wide horizon, as if the noblest City in
the world belong'd to thee alone! Thou might'st have known,
that even the Sun himself, is forc'd to yield the Empire of
the Skies, and share his sceptre with the Queen of Night!
But now farewell for ever! Thou sink'st to rise no more!

BOURGONINO *(after having read the papers.)*

'Tis dreadful!—dreadful!

SACCO.

Twelve at a shot!

VERRINA,

To-morrow, in the Senate-house!

BOURGONINO.

Give me the papers. I'll ride full gallop thro' the streets of Genoa, and when I hold them thus, the dogs themselves shall howl to Insurrection, and even the very stones rise up and mutiny

ALL.

Revenge, Revenge, Revenge, and *that* to night!

FIESKO.

Ah, now my Friends, you speak as I would wish you. As soon as it is evening I will invite all the disaffected Nobility to an Entertainment. In the first place, those whose names are entered on this murderous list of Gianettino's; and in the second, the Sauli, the Gentili, the Vivaldi, and the Vesodomari, all of them deadly enemies to the House of Doria, but whom the Assassin has forgot to fear. I doubt not they'll embrace my proposals with open arms.

BOURGONINO.

They will, most certainly!

FIESKO.

But first of all, we must secure the Harbour. For this purpose, I have both Galleys and Seamen—The Dorias' twenty ships are now unrigg'd and incompletely mann'd; they'll easily be beaten. The entrance of the River must be stopp'd immediately, and every prospect of escape excluded.

When this is done, our toils are at an end! Secure the Port, and Genoa is in Chains!

VERRINA.

That's undeniable!

FIESKO.

The works must then be attack'd and taken possession of. The principal of these is the Saint Thomas Gate, which leads directly to the Harbour and unites our Sea and Land forces together. Both the Dorias will be surprized and murdered in their Palaces—the drums will beat to arms in every quarter—the alarm bells will be toll'd at the same moment—the Citizens will be call'd upon to join our party and to support the cause of Genoa's Freedom. If after this, good Fortune be our portion, I'll tell you more in the Signoria!

VERRINA.

The plan is excellent. Let's see now how the Parts will be distributed.

FIESKO.

(With an air of dignity and importance.)

My Countrymen, you've plac'd me at the Head of the Conspiracy. Will you obey my further orders?

VERRINA.

As surely as we think them for the best.

FIESKO.

Verrina ! Know'st thou the word beneath Fiesko's Banner ? Tell it him, Genoese. It is——Subordination !—Unless the whole authority be mine. Unless it is completely in my power, to bend and mould your actions as I list ; unless, (for you must understand me quite) I'm Head, I'm Chief of the Conspiracy, the Plot——has lost a Member !

VERRINA.

Surely a life of glorious Liberty, is worth a few sad hours of shameful bondage : no more——we're ready to obey.

FIESKO.

Then leave me for the present. One of you must visit the Citadel and give me an exact account of the Works and Men on duty——another, must find out the parole——a third, take command of the Galleys——and a fourth, introduce the 2,000 Men we were speaking of, into my Court-yard, I myself will have every thing settled by night, and prepare the Mine for explosion.—You'll meet me here again at nine o'clock to receive my final Instructions. (*Rings.*)

VERRINA.

I will take charge of the Galleys. (*Exit.*)

BOURGONINO.

I'll have command of the Soldiers. (*Exit.*)

SACCO.

I will discover the watchword. *(Exit.)*

KALKAGNO.

And I'll reconnoitre the Citadel. *(Exit.)*

SCENE VI.

FIESKO.—*Afterwards* THE MOOR.

FIESKO.

(Has seated himself at a Desk and is writing.)

They struggled with the word "Subordination," just like a worm upon the needle's point. But it's too late, Republicans !

Enter The Moor.

MOOR.

Did you ring, my Lord ?

FIESKO *(rising, gives him a paper.)*

Go and invite all those, whose names are mentioned here to a Play this evening, at my Palace.

MOOR.

To take their parts in it, I suppose. The entrance money will cost Heads I warrant me.

FIESKO (*cold and contemptuously.*)

When that is done! I sh'ant detain you longer here in Genoa! (*As he is going he lets fall a purse behind him.*) This be your last employment.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE VII.

MOOR.

(*Taking up the purse slowly from the ground, and following FIESKO out with a look of astonishment.*)

Oh, Oh! are those the terms we stand upon. "I sha'n't detain you longer here in Genoa!" That's easily translated. In other words, when I'm the Duke, I'll send you to the Galleys; he thinks, because I understand his tricks, it's likely I may blab them. But softly, my good Count, as yet you have not quite reached that eminence. The thing deserves reflection! And now old Doria—your skin's at my command—you're gone unless I warn you. Suppose I go and

tell him of the whole Conspiracy? I shall have sav'd his Dukedom and his Life, and nothing less than a round golden Sum can well be offer'd me. (*He is going but stops suddenly.*) But softly, my friend Hassan! I fear you're going on a foolish errand.—What if the whole affair were put an end to?—What, if this glorious mischief were suppress'd, and something *good* turn'd out in consequence? Fie, fie, my avarice will play the Devil! The question's briefly this—Which will produce most evil? To inform against Fiesko, or murder both the Dorias in silence? If once Fiesko executes his scheme, Genoa will rise to Greatness with himself; so that will never do. And if the Dorias escape his vengeance, why every thing will stand in statu quo, and all be peace and quiet—This is worse still! But then to fancy how the Rebels heads, will grin upon the scaffold; and on the other hand to think again, what sweet confusion we shall have to-night! And how it will amuse my wickedness to murder both their Excellencies by torch-light. Egad, I'm wholly at a loss to choose between the two temptations! It's such a charming labyrinth of sin, it puzzles me completely! A Christian, perhaps, might extricate himself, but we poor Heathens want a clue to guide us. I'll go and ask a Doctor of Divinity!

(*Exit.*)

SCENE VIII.

SALOON AT LADY JULIA'S.

JULIA in negligée.—Enter GIANETTINO.

GIANETTINO.

Good evening, Sister !

JULIA.

Something uncommon must have surely happen'd to
bring the Crown Prince to his Sister !

GIANETTINO.

The fact is, Julia ! You're beset with Butterflies, and I'm
perpetually annoyed with wasps. There's no such thing as
getting rid of them, or we should meet much oftener. Let's
be seated !

JULIA.

I'm quite impatient !

GIANETTINO.

When was it last Fiesko visited you ?

JULIA.

That's a strange question—as if my memory register'd
such trifles !

GIANETTINO.

But do indulge me, Julia! I really wish to know—

JULIA.

Why—He was here but yesterday.

GIANETTINO.

Quite gay and undisguised?

JULIA.

As usual.

GIANETTINO.

The old fool still?

JULIA (*offended*)

Brother?

GIANETTINO (*raising his voice.*)

Still the old fool, I ask?

JULIA (*rising in anger.*)

For what, Sir, do you take me?

GIANETTINO.

Why, for a piece of female furniture envelop'd in a hoop
of starch Nobility.—Between ourselves, good Sister, since
no one's listening

JULIA (*passionately.*)

Between ourselves, good Brother, you are an impudent
affected Booby, presuming on your Uncle's reputation . . .
. . . Since no one's listening . . .

GIANETTINO.

Come, come now, don't be angry. I'm quite rejoic'd to hear Fiesko's as fantastical as ever. That's all I wished to know.—Your most obedient.—(*Going.*)

SCENE IX.

Enter LOMELLIN.

LOMELLIN (*kissing JULIA's hand.*)

I ask a thousand pardons, Lady Julia, but (*turning to GIANETTINO*) business of the last importance, that will not bear delay, obliges me

(*GIANETTINO takes him aside—JULIA goes to her Harpsichord and plays a rash piece of Music.*)

GIANETTINO.

Every thing settled for to-morrow?

LOMELLIN.

Every thing, Prince—but the Courier dispatched to Levante is not returned yet—Spinola is not here either—What if he were intercepted—I'm quite uneasy

GIANETTINO.

Don't be alarmed. You have the List at hand?

LOMELLIN (*confused.*)

The List, my Lord . . . Indeed . . . I . . .
know not . . . I must have left it in my other pocket.

GIANETTINO.

It's just the same—were but the Courier back again—
Fiesko will be found dead in his bed to-morrow!—I have
arranged that business.

LOMELLIN.

/ It will create a horrible sensation!

GIANETTINO.

There's our security, my boy. A common crime would
rouse the blood, and irritate the passions; but such a
mighty villainy as this, will make it creep congeal'd along
the veins, and petrify the heart . . . Hast thou not
heard the story of the Gorgon's Head.—The very sight
makes stones—and what may not be done, till stones are
warm'd to vengeance?

LOMELLIN.

Have you given the Lady Julia a hint of our intentions?

GIANETTINO.

Oh God forbid! We must go delicately to work on her
account—Fiesko is her favorite. Though when she shares
the fruits of our proceedings, I dare say she'll forget the
price they cost her. I expect the troops from Milan this

evening, and must give the necessary directions at the gates to let them enter. (*Turning to JULIA.*) Well, Sister, have you almost thrumm'd away your anger?

JULIA.

Begone, Sir—you're a wild companion, not fit for Women's company.

(*As GIANETTINO is going out, he stumbles on FIESKO.*)

GIANETTINO (*starting back.*)

Ah!

FIESKO (*coming forward with easy politeness.*)

Your presence, Prince, precludes me from a visit that I was going to make you!

GIANETTINO.

Your company, Count, is always acceptable. I quite rejoice to see you!

FIESKO.

(*Stepping up to JULIA and respectfully kissing her hand.*)

You look divine~~ff~~, Countess; but, I'm accusom'd to find my expectations, here, exceeded.

JULIA.

Fie, fie, that sounds equivocal. I scarce know how to take it.—But Heav'ns, my negligée! I beg ten thousand pardons, Count! (*Running hastily into her Apartment.*)

FIESKO (*detaching her.*)

Stay, I entreat you, Lady Julia. A lovely Woman never looks so well as in her Toilette's undress—it is her Sex's uniform. But why this hair turned up? Permit me to unloose it. It cannot fall too negligently round you!

JULIA.

O you, Men, are so fond of alterations!

FIESKO (*carelessly to GIANETTINO.*)

Hairs and Republics—all the same to us! Is it not so, my Prince? (*To JULIA.*) This ribband is misplaced too. Be seated, lovely Countess; Laura may understand to cheat our eyes, but not deceive our hearts. Allow me to supply her place a moment. (*She sits down, while he employs himself in adjusting her Dress.*)

GIANETTINO (*jogging LOMELLIN.*)

The poor unthinking Wight!

FIESKO (*buried about JULIA's Bosom.*)

Do you see, Signora? This I conceal for you, and wisely. The senses should be sparingly indulged, and Fancy not allowed to interfere with Nature!

JULIA.

Oh that's ridiculous!

FIESKO.

Far from it, lovely Countess. Consider for a moment,

the most enchanting novelty expires the instant it's made public. We feed upon conjecture, with delight—but once reduced to certainty; it fades to—disappointment. (*He leads her to a Looking-Glass.*) There, by my honor, this must be the fashion now in Genoa! Will you permit me to attend you in this dress throughout the city?

JULIA.

That's silly urged indeed. How artfully you manage to persuade, and bend me to your wishes. But no—I've got the head-ache—I'll stay at home to day.

FIESKO.

Pardon me, Countess. You may, but will not treat me so unkindly; I'm in a sad dilemma, and you alone can extricate me. A set of players are just arrived from Florence, and have offered to perform this evening at my palace; I could not possibly do less than ask the principal of Genoa's Beauties to attend on the occasion, and I'm entirely at a loss to whom to give the first place at the theatre without offending many of my charming visitors. There is but one resource—(*with a low bow*)—May I entreat the honor, lovely Countess?

JULIA (*blushes, and runs hastily into the Cabinet.*)

Here, Laura!

GIANETTINO (*stepping up to FIESKO.*)

Count, you remember an unpleasant circumstance, that lately passed between us.

FIESKO.

I beg, my Prince, that we may both forget it. Men always act according to their knowledge of each other. And surely it's *my* fault, if my Friend Doria has not better known me.

GIANETTINO.

At all events, I never shall reflect upon it, without most cordially lamenting my injustice

FIESKO.

Nor I—without most cordially forgiving it.

(*JULIA returns differently attired.*)

GIANETTINO.

It just occurs to me, Count, that you are going to cruise against the Turks.

FIESKO.

The anchors will be weighed this evening; and indeed I'm under some uneasiness on this account, from which I must entreat your kindness to relieve me.

GIANETTINO.

With the greatest pleasure. What is it I can do for you? Command my total influence, I beg.

FIESKO.

The departure of the Gallies will cause a considerable stir about the Harbour, and my Palace, which might be perhaps misconstrued by the Duke, your Uncle . . .

GIANETTINO.

Oh give it not a thought!—Leave *that* to me.—I will explain the business. Weigh anchor when you please; I wish you much success on the occasion.

FIESKO (*bowing.*)

I'm infinitely obliged to you.

SCENE X.

THE FORMER.—*Enter a GERMAN OF THE BODY GUARD.*

GIANETTINO.

What now?

GERMAN.

As I passed by the St. Thomas Gate, I observed a crowd of Soldiers hastening to the harbour, and the galleys of the Count Lavagna getting ready for sea.

GIANETTINO.

Is that all? You'll not report it further.

GERMAN.

Very well, Sir. There's a number of suspicious people too, swarming out of the Capuchin's Cloister, and making directly for the Market-place. To judge by their appearance and their gait, they *must* be Soldiers !

GIANETTINO (*angrily aside.*)

The zeal of this old Fool, will certainly betray me. (*Apart to LOMELLIN.*) These are the Troops from Milan !

GERMAN.

Is it your Grace's order to arrest them ?

GIANETTINO.

(*Aloud to LOMELLIN.*) Lomellin do *you* see after it.

(*To the GERMAN.*) Well, you may go.

(*To LOMELLIN.*) For God's sake, tell that blockhead to be silent.

(*Exit LOMELLIN with the GERMAN.*)

FIESKO.

(*Who has been gallanting with JULIA during this conversation, and now and then thrown a stolen look at GIANETTINO.*)

Our Friend has met with something to annoy him. May I enquire the cause ?

GIANETTINO.

No wonder. This eternal plague of question and enquiry !—(*Exit hastily.*)

FIESKO.

We too must think of our departure. The Players will be waiting. May I offer you my arm, Signora?

JULIA.

One moment till I put my cloak on. I hope, Count, that it's not a Tragedy, I always dream of them.

FIESKO (*sarcastically.*)

A perfect Comedy, I can assure you. 'Twill make you die with laughing.—(*He hands her out.*)

The Curtain falls.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Night-Time.—CASTLE-COURT AT FIESKO'S.

(People are lighting the Lamps and bringing in Arms of every description.—The Apartments on one side of the Palace are illuminated.)

Enter BOURGONINO *with* SOLDIERS.

BOURGONINO.

Halt! Four Sentries at the portal! Two, at each door that leads into the palace.—(SENTRIES *take post.*)—Whoever wishes it, will be admitted! But not a soul permitted to depart! If violence be used—Immediate death!

(Exit with the remainder into the Castle.—SENTRIES walk steadily up and down their Posts.—A total Silence.)

SCENE II.

SENTRIES (*challenge at the portal.*)

Who comes there?

(*Enter ZENTURIONE.*)

ZENTURIONE.

Friend of Lavagna's!

(*He walks directly across the Court to the door on the right leading into the palace.*)

SENTRIES (*at that quarter.*)

Back—back! Advance not!

(*ZENTURIONE starts back astonished, and then goes to the door on the left.*)

SENTRIES (*at that quarter.*)

Back—back! Advance not!

(*ZENTURIONE stops suddenly.—Looks surprised and confounded.—Pause of some moments—At length addresses himself to the Sentry on the left.*)

ZENTURIONE.

Friend—Which is the way to the Theatre?

SENTRY.

Don't know.

ZENTURIONE (*walking up and down with increasing amazement.—To the Sentry on the right.*)

Friend—When does the Play commence?

SENTRY.

Can't tell!

ZENTURIONE (*pacing the Court observes the arms and weapons, startled.*)

Friend—What, in the name of God, can *this* mean?

SENTRY.

Don't know!

ZENTURIONE (*covering himself, alarmed, with his cloak.*)

'Tis very singular!

SENTRIES (*challenge at the portal.*)

Who comes there?

(*Enter ZIBO.*)

ZIBO.

Friend of Lavagna!

SCENE III.

ZENTURIONE.

Where are we, Zibo?

ZIBO.

What?

ZENTURIONE.

Look about you, Zibo!

ZIBO.

Where?—What?

ZENTURIONE.

All the doors guarded!

ZIBO.

Here are arms too!

ZENTURIONE.

No one to explain the meaning of it.

ZIBO.

That's extraordinary!

ZENTURIONE.

What is't o'clock?

ZIBO.

Past Eight.

ZENTURIONE.

Huh ! It is bitter cold !

ZIBO.

Eight was the hour appointed !

ZENTURIONE (*shaking his head.*)

All is not, as it should be !

ZIBO.

Fiesko has some Jest in hand, I fancy !

ZENTURIONE.

To-morrow is the Doge Election. Zibo ! All's not
right, depend upon it.

ZIBO.

Hush, hush one moment !

ZENTURIONE.

The right wing of the palace is illuminated.

ZIBO.

Hark, hark ! Hear you not something ?

ZENTURIONE.

A hollow murmur ! and now and then the heavy clash of
armour ! 'Tis dreadful ! dreadful !

ZIBO.

A carriage there ! It stops before the gateway.

SENTRIES (*at the portal.*)

Who comes there !

SCENE IV.

THE FORMER.—*Enter* FOUR ASSERATI.

ASSERATO.

Friends of Fiesko !

ZIBO.

It is the Four Asserati.

ZENTURIONE.

Good evening to you, Countrymen !

FIRST ASSERATO.

We're going to the Theatre !

ZIBO.

Ah ! a pleasant journey to you !

SECOND ASSERATO.

What, are not you going then ?

ZENTURIONE.

Oh yes ! We'll follow you ! Go on before. We're only
scenting the fresh air a little.

THIRD ASSERATO.

It will begin directly—Let's begone ! (*Advancing.*)

SENTRY.

Back—back ! Advance not !

ASSERATO.

Hillo ! What does this lead to ?

ZENTURIONE (*laughing.*)

The Castle, I suppose !

ASSERATO.

Here's some misunderstanding !

ZIBO.

That's evident !

(*Music in the right wing of the palace.*)

ASSERATO.

Do you hear that Symphony ? The Comedy's commencing !

ZENTURIONE.

Methinks indeed it has commenced already, and we're employed to play the fools in it.

ZIBO.

I'faith, I am not easily offended ! But this is past enduring. I'll go home again.

ASSERATO.

What ! Weapons too !

ZIBO.

Stage trumpery, I suppose.

ZENTURIONE.

And shall we wander here like Ghosts in Tartarus? Come, come! let's to the Coffee-House.

(All six rush hastily towards the portal.)

SENTRIES *(cry out violently.)*

Back—back! Approach not!

ZENTURIONE.

Murder and death! We're prisoners!

ZIBO.

My sword shall soon release us.

ASSERATO.

Put up, put up, for God's sake; the Count's a Man of Honour!

ZIBO.

Bought and betrayed, depend on't. This Play has been the bait, and we are taken!

ASSERATO.

Forbid it, Heaven! And yet I dread to think how this will terminate!

SCENE V.

SENTRIES (*challenge.*)

Who comes there ?

(*Enter VERRINA and SACCO.*)

VERRINA.

Friends of the Castle !

(*Seven other Noblemen follow them.*)

ZIBO.

Oh these are his confidants. Now will every thing be explained to us.

SACCO (*apart to VERRINA.*)

'Tis as I told you ; Leskaro guards the Thomas Gate. He is the best of Doria's Officers, and implicitly devoted to his interest.

VERRINA.

So much the better.

ZIBO (*to VERRINA.*)

You come most opportunely to assist us in unravelling this mystery.

VERRINA.

How so, what is it ?

ZENTURIONE.

We were invited to a play here.

VERRINA.

Then we can go together. Our road lies the same way precisely.

ZENTURIONE (*angrily.*)

The way of all flesh, I suppose you mean. Don't you observe the doors are guarded? What can be the reason of it?

ZIBO.

Why these Sentinels at every quarter?

ZENTURIONE.

We stand here all suspense, like thieves below the gallows.

VERRINA.

The Count will soon be here himself to answer you.

ZENTURIONE.

I wish he'd be a little quicker in his movements; my patience is exhausted.

(*The other Noblemen go into the back ground of the Theatre, and walk thoughtfully up and down.*)

(*Enter BOURGONINO from the Castle.*)

BOURGONINO.

Well, Verrina, how stand things at the Harbour?

VERRINA.

All safe on board.

BOURGONINO.

The Castle, too, is full of Soldiers.

VERRINA.

It's close on nine o'clock.

BOURGONINO.

The Count is very long.

VERRINA.

And yet, too speedy for his expectations! Oh Bourgo-
nino, I am cold as ice, when I reflect on something!

BOURGONINO.

Father, be not too hasty!

VERRINA.

When dire destruction waits upon delay, haste is our only
safety. If, from the second murder, I refrain, how shall I
justify the *first*, to Heaven?

BOURGONINO.

But when do you intend Fiesko——dies?

VERRINA.

When Genoa is free, Fiesko——dies!

SENTRIES (*challenge.*)

Who comes there?

(*Enter FIESKO.*)

FIESKO.

A Friend!

(The whole bow to him respectfully—SENTRIES present their arms.)

FIESKO.

Welcome, my worthy guests. Forgive me this detention. I fear you've been impatient at my absence. One moment if you please.

(To VERRINA.)

All ready?

VERRINA.

To your wish!

FIESKO *(to BOURGONINO.)*

And you?

BOURGONINO.

Prepared completely.

FIESKO *(to SACCO.)*

And you?

SACCO.

All right!

FIESKO.

And Kalkagno?

BOURGONINO.

Is yet wanting.

FIESKO *(to the Sentries.)*

Let the doors be barred.

(He takes off his hat, and steps forward with easy dignity to the midst of the Assembly.)

Gentlemen! I have taken the liberty of inviting you to a Play, not indeed to entertain, but to impose on you, parts in its performance. Too long, my friends, have we submitted to Gianettino Doria's insolence. Too long to the usurped authority of his Uncle. If we would save our Country, no time is to be lost. To what end, do you suppose, but to enslave us, is our harbour crowded with galleys and ships of war? To what end, but to destroy our Freedom, the alliances which the Dorias have concluded, and the armies of Foreigners, that prey upon the vitals of our Country. This is not the time to murmur and complain. The moment is arrived, when we must act or suffer! When every thing is at stake, every thing must be risked in order to defend it. A desperate ill, requires a desperate remedy. Is there a single one in this assembly so mean, so base, so destitute of spirit, as to admit an equal for his master? *(Murmurs.)*—There is none here, whose Fathers have not tended Genoa's childhood; watched o'er her earliest years with patriot fervour; and rocked the cradle of her infant Honor! Then what, in Heaven's name, I ask you, have these two citizens performed, that they should lord it thus above our heads, and trample us beneath them?—*(Increasing*

Murmurs.)—My Countrymen ! I solemnly conjure you, espouse the sinking fortune of the State. Lift high the hand against the Oppressor's breast, and boldly strike for liberty and honor. 'Tis every individual's bounden duty ! Not one can waive a tittle of his rights, without betraying the whole cause of freedom.—(*The whole Assembly appears strongly agitated ; FIESKO pauses a few moments, and continues with increased animation.*)—Ah now you feel, and I perceive you're moved ! The victory's decided. Already have I paved the way to glory ; say will you follow ? I'm prepared to lead you ! These preparations that at first surprized, and even perhaps alarmed you, must now inspire you with fresh resolution. Let dreams of glory sink the thoughts of fear, and apprehension kindle to exertion. Now, now my friends, perform the part of Heroes. Now join this Patriot Band that thirsts for Freedom ; preserve your Country and destroy the Tyrant. Success will surely wait on the event, because my plans secure it. Justice commands us to the bold attempt, because our Country suffers ; and Glory waves us onward to the deed, because the mighty danger we incur will render us Immortal !

ZENTURIONE (*in stormy enthusiasm.*)

Enough, enough, our Country shall be free. This be our watchword against Hell or Heaven !

ZIBO.

And may the man, whom such a cry arouse not to exertion, still pant beneath the bonds of slavery, 'till the last trumpet loosen them asunder !

FIESKO.

There spoke the Hero ! Now only do you first deserve to know the dangers that impended over Genoa.

(He gives them the papers delivered to him by the Moor.)

Lights, lights here, Soldiers !

FIESKO *(apart to VERRINA.)*

'Tis as I wish'd, my Friend !

VERRINA.

Speak not so loud. Mark there upon the left, how their knees tremble, and their colour fades.

ZENTURIONE *(in a rage.)*

Twelve Senators ! Infernal villainy ! Gird on these swords directly.

(They all seize immediately on the weapons which lay prepared for them, two only excepted.)

ZIBO.

Your name stands likewise on the list, Bourgonino.

BOURGONINO.

Yes, and please Heaven shall stand on Doria's throat before to-morrow dawns.

ZENTURIONE.

Here are two swords remaining !

ZIBO.

What ! What !

ZENTURIONE.

Two swords, I say, remaining. Some must be unprovided !

ASSERATO.

My Brothers cannot bear the sight of blood ; you must excuse them.

ZENTURIONE (*violently.*)

What ! what not Tyrant's blood ! Tear them to pieces, Cowards ! Cast forth the Bastards out of the Republic.

(*Some of the assembly rush furiously upon them.*)

FIESKO (*interfering.*)

Hold, hold, my Countrymen ! shall Genoa owe her liberty to Slaves ? No—the pure cause that animates our hearts, admits not such pollution. We want not their assistance. (*Liberates them.*) You, Gentlemen, must take up your abode within the Castle, till every thing is settled. (*To the Soldiers.*) Your prisoners ! You'll answer with your lives ! Two steady Sentries at their threshold !

(*They are led off—A knocking heard at the portal.*)

SENTRIES (*challenge.*)

Who comes there?

KALKAGNO (*without.*)

A Friend! A Friend! Open the gate for God's sake!

BOURGONINO.

It is Kalkagno. What can he mean by this "For God's sake?"

FIESKO.

Admit him, Soldiers!

SCENE VI.

(*Enter KALKAGNO alarmed and out of breath.*)

KALKAGNO.

Fly, fly. Begone this instant—all is over!

BOURGONINO.

What is over? Are their souls made of brass; or are our swords but rushes?

FIESKO.

Reflect, reflect Kalkagno! Any mistake in such a case as this were not to be forgiven!

KALKAGNO.

I tell you we're betray'ed! 'Tis an in infernal truth, but you must know it. That scoundrel of a Moor, Lavagna! I come this moment from the palace. He had an audience with the Duke!

(The whole of the Nobility turn pale, and even FIESKO himself changes colour.)

VERRINA *(in a tone of manly resolution.)*

Soldiers—advance your halberts; I will not die upon the scaffold!

(The whole assembly runs confused and dispersed about the stage.)

FIESKO *(more collected.)*

What's this. What would you? Go to the Devil with your jokes, Kalkagno; 'twas but a false alarm, I do assure you, Gentlemen! And you, Verrina? I'm ashamed of you? And you too, Bourgonino? Where are you going?

BOURGONINO *(with melancholy firmness.)*

First home, and murder Bertha. Then——return here!

FIESKO *(forcing a laugh.)*

Hold, hold one moment! Is this your courage, Tyrant-murderers? Is this your resolution, staunch Republicans? Kalkagno! You've performed your part most admirably. *(To the assembly.)* Did you not observe that I was at the

bottom of the business. Confess at once, Kalkagno, did I not order you to put these Romans to the proof in this manner?

VERRINA.

Nay—if you really laugh, I will believe it, or never more consider you as Man.

FIESKO.

For shame, for shame, my Countrymen, to sink in such a trifling test as this! Resume your weapons quickly; a Lion's courage scarcely would suffice to wipe away such stains. (*Apart to KALKAGNO.*) But were you there *yourself*?

KALKAGNO (*aside.*)

I pressed through the Body Guard, agreeably to my instructions, in order to discover the parole. Just as I was returning, the Moor was brought into the Signoria.

FIESKO (*aloud.*)

So the old gentleman was abed, was he? We'll rouse him from his feathers and repose, I warrant me.—(*apart.*)—Did he speak long with the Duke?

KALKAGNO.

So great was *my* alarm, and so imminent *your* danger, that I scarcely staid a moment.

FIESKO (*aloud and jocosely.*)

See there now, how our Countrymen yet tremble.—
(*Apart.*) But you should not have blabbed this out so hastily!

KALKAGNO.

But what in God's name, Count, will this falsehood of
your's benefit us?

FIESKO.

'Twill give us *time*, my friend; the first alarm will then
be over.—(*Aloud.*) Hillo there! Wine directly!—(*Apart.*)
But tell me, did the Duke turn pale?—(*Aloud.*) Come,
come, my friends, let's once more drink success to our exer-
tions.—(*Apart.*) But did the Duke turn pale, I ask you?

KALKAGNO.

The first word that the Moor pronounced was certainly
"Conspiracy." The Duke drew back as white as alabaster!

FIESKO (*a little confused.*)

The devil was mighty sly, Kalkagno; not a word escaped
him till the knife was at their throat. But now indeed he
is their guardian angel.—(*A Goblet is brought in—FIESKO
takes it, and holding it up to the Assembly.*)—"Good Fortune
be our Friend, my Countrymen."

(*A knocking at the portal.*)

SENTRIES (*challenge.*)

Who's there without?

A VOICE.

Escort from the Body-Guard!

*(The Noblemen run distracted and alarmed about the Stage.)*FIESKO *(rushes in the midst of them.)*

Not so, not so, my Countrymen! Be not alarmed, for God's sake. Remember *I* am with you. Quick, quick, remove these weapons. Be men, I do entreat you. This message gives me reason to suppose that yet Andreas doubts of our intentions. Begone into the palace and collect yourselves. Soldiers! Unbar the portal.

(The Noblemen enter the Castle—the Gate opens.)

SCENE VII.

FIESKO, *as if just coming from the Castle—Three Germans of the Body-Guard bringing in the Moor bound.*

FIESKO.

Who wants me in the Court-yard?

1ST GERMAN.

Conduct us to the Count.

FIESKO.

The Count is here—what would you?

1ST GERMAN (*puts his hand to his cap.*)

His Highness greets your Lordship, and sends this Moor, whom he delivers over to your mercy. He has most shamefully informed against you. This note will tell you more.

FIESKO (*taking it with careless composure.*)

'Twas but the other day, you scoundrel, I promised you the Galleys!—(*To the Orderly.*) 'Tis good, my Friend! Present His Highness my respect.

(*Exit with the Escort.*)

MOOR (*calling after them.*)

Present mine too, and tell him if he had not sent an ass, he would have learned that near three thousand men are lodged within the Castle. (*The Noblemen re-enter.*)

SCENE VIII.

FIESKO.—CONSPIRATORS.—THE MOOR *standing, with a look of hardened villainy, in the midst of them.*

CONSPIRATORS (*start back alarmed at the sight of him.*)

Ah what have we here?

FIESKO.

(Having in the mean time read the note exclaims in a tone of melancholy despondence.)

The danger's past, my Countrymen ! But likewise the Conspiracy !

VERRINA.

What, are the Dorias dead ?

FIESKO *(with great emotion.)*

By Heavens I was prepared to brave the thunders of the whole Republic. I did not look for this. See how a weak old man, even with four trifling lines, disarms three thousand men. *(Letting his hands fall motionless on his side.)* Doria has overcome Fiesko !

BOURGONINO.

Explain yourself, for God's sake !

FIESKO *(reads.)*

"Lavagna ! Methinks your fate and mine are nearly similar. Your benefits procure you but ingratitude. This Moor has just informed me of a plot against my life. I send him bound to you, and shall sleep to-night without a Body Guard !"

(The paper drops from his hand—The whole Assembly contemplate each other in silent astonishment.)

VERRINA.

Well, what now, Fiesko?

FIESKO (*with dignity.*)

Shall then a Doria surpass me in magnanimity? Shall it be said that but the balance of one single virtue was wanting to the race of the Fieskos? Forbid it Heaven! I will be yet myself. Depart in peace, my Countrymen. I will acknowledge all. (*He is rushing out.*)

VERRINA (*detaining him.*)

What, hast thou lost thy senses? Was it a school-boy's jest that we proposed to execute? Hold, I conjure you! Was't not the cause of Freedom and our Country? Or didst thou rather hasten to destroy the *Man* and not the *Tyrant*? Stop, I command you! I arrest you as a traitor to the State!

CONSPIRATORS (*surround FIESKO.*)

Bind him! Bind him! Down with him! Down with him!

FIESKO.

(*Snatching up a Sword, hews his way through the midst of them.*)

Softly, softly, my good Countrymen! I should be glad to know, who is the first that dares to noose the Tyger? Observe me, Gentlemen, I'm free and perfectly at liberty to

go where e'er I please.—(*He moves proudly to the portal.—The CONSPIRATORS contemplate him with fixed astonishment.*)—But, I've bethought me otherwise, and will remain here!

BOURGONINO.

Bethought thee of thy duty?

FIESKO.

Talk not to me, Boy, of my duty. First know your own, and learn to be respectful. Be tranquil, Gentlemen, all is as heretofore!—(*To the MOOR, whose cords he hews asunder.*)—Thou givest rise to the performance of a glorious deed! Be this thy safety. Tremble and begone.

KALKAGNO.

What, shall the heathen live and have betray'd us?

FIESKO.

Say rather live and have alarmed you? Scoundrel, begone, see, that you quit this territory quickly, or you'll be murdered yet to save our reputation.

MOOR.

Well this is handsome now, Lavagna! The Devil is always mindful of his own. Your most obedient, Gentlemen, I see my halter will not grow in Italy. I'll seek for it elsewhere.

(*Exit laughing.*)

SCENE IX.

Enter A SERVANT.

SERVANT.

The Lady Julia has already enquired three times for your Excellency.

FIESKO.

By Heavens that quite escap'd me. We must indeed begin the play directly. Tell her I'm there immediately. But stay one moment; request my wife to step into the Concert-room and wait for me behind the Tapestry.

(Exit Servant.)

(To the CONSPIRATORS.)

Here I've distributed the different parts you have to act, on paper. If every one performs his own, the business is accomplished. Verrina, you'll proceed beforehand to the Harbour, and when the Ships are carried, fire a Gun—the signal for revolt and insurrection. At present I must leave you! Another serious duty still remains me. When I ring, you'll meet me altogether in the Concert-room, mean time go in and drown your cares in Cyprus.

(Exeunt omnes to the Castle.)

SCENE X.

CONCERT-ROOM.

Enter—LEONORA—ROSA—ARABELLA.

LEONORA.

Fiesko said he'd meet me here—yet comes not.
It's past Eleven o'clock. The Castle too
Swarms dreadfully with Soldiers—and still,
Fiesko comes not.

ROSA.

He begs you will conceal yourself,
Behind the Tapestry. What can my Lord
Intend by it?

LEONORA.

Enough, if he desires it,
I obey him. Bella, I have no right
To be alarmed, and yet I tremble sadly.
My heart beats fearfully against my bosom.
For God's sake stir not from me.

BELLA.

Be not disturbed

On that account ; our fears have totally subdued
Our curiosity.

LEONORA.

Which way I turn my eye,
Strange countenances meet me, convuls'd with fear,
And pale with apprehension.
Whomever I accost, starts trembling from me,
And rushes to the thickest gloom of night,
That last sad refuge of a guilty conscience.
If any dare to answer, 'tis in a half-formed sound,
That lingers doubtful on the trembling tongue,
And seems afraid to issue from its mansion.
Some dreadful work is here in agitation,
I do not know it, and I will not ask it.
But oh ! where'er his venturous spirit leads Him,
(Raising her voice and hands, with graceful animation.)
Watch o'er him, Heavenly guards, and shield
My lov'd Fiesko !

ROSA *(starting.)*

Heavenly Powers,
What rustling was that along the gallery ?

BELLA.

'Tis the Soldier who is posted there as Sentinel !

SENTRY (*challenges.*)

Who comes there?

ANSWER.

"Friend!"

LEONORA.

They are coming this way,

Quick, quick, behind the Tapestry.

(*They conceal themselves.*)

SCENE XI.

Enter JULIA and FIESKO in conversation.

JULIA.

Forbear, Count, I entreat you. Your compliments
Fall not in idle ears, but in a boiling blood.

Where am I?

There's no one here but the seducing night,
Ah whither would you lead my unprotected heart?

FIESKO.

There Julia,

Where desponding love assumes a tone of boldness,

Where soft emotions mutually arise,
And kindred hearts communicate with freedom.

JULIA.

Stop, stop, Fiesko ! By all that's heavenly,
Proceed no further ; were not the night so dark,
You'd mark the burning blushes on my cheeks,
And exercise your mercy.

FIESKO.

Far otherwise,
I can assure you, Julia ! Inflam'd
By such a sight, my passion would but catch
The fire of thine, and burn with double ardour.
(Fervently kissing her hand.)

JULIA.

Alas ! your cheek is feverish as your speech.
Even in my own I feel the glow of passion,
I recognize the wild destructive fire,
That ravages my heart ! Let's seek the light I beg you,
Lest the weak senses raised to such a pitch
Should mark the dangerous darkness that surrounds us.
Quick, quick, these daring Traitors will take advantage
Of the absent day, and lure me to my ruin.
Go amid men, I charge you !

FIESKO.

Why without cause, so apprehensive, Julia?
Surely the Mistress need not fear her Slave!

JULIA.

Oh, how you men delight in contradictions!
As if you were not then completest victors,
When you bend lowest to our whims and follies!
Shall I confess the truth to you, Fiesko?
'Tis vanity alone supports our Virtue!
My pride alone has hitherto secured me!
My principles have warr'd with my affections!
At length when every artifice has fail'd,
You make your last appeal to Julia's passions.
Here you're but too successful! Leave me,
For God's sake leave me!

FIESKO.

And what if you indulged me,
Julia? Surely the loss were trifling!

JULIA.

Trifling the loss of Innocence and Honor!
What more could I relinquish? Unfeeling scoffer!
And would you wring from me the hard confession,
That all the secret wisdom of our sex,

Is, but a mere precaution to preserve them ?
Must I degrade myself once more to tell you,
That pride and inclination are at strife,
And wage eternal warfare in our bosoms ?
That when your oaths have triumph'd o'er our nature,
'Tis vanity alone defeats your hopes,
And stands the Guardian of our sinking virtue !
Virtue ! the rallying point of all our weakness,
The cause of all our artifice and struggles ;
The light, the life, the lustre of our being !
This to defend is woman's highest glory ;
This to preserve, her noblest ambition.
Possess'd of this, she wears a Seraph's brightness,
Depriv'd of it, she fades—a fallen—Angel !
As round the King at chess, the pieces move,
And form a rampart to secure his safety,
So round our virtue, rally all our fears,
And every Art is us'd for its protection.
Remove these guardian barriers for a moment,
Defenceless nature sinks without a blow,
And infamy and ruin, are—our portion.
This is the picture of our boasted greatness.
Survey it, and—be generous, Fiesko !

FIESKO.

And yet, Julia !

Where better could this treasure well repose,
Than on the bosom of eternal love ?

JULIA.

Oh no where better, and yet, no where worse.

Answer me this, Fiesko !

How long would your "Eternity" endure ?

Alas ! I've gone too far to hesitate,

I've risk'd too much already, not to venture

The last ^{sad} chance of Fortune that remains.

Boldly I have confided in my charms

To win and to ensnare you, but I mistrust alas,

Their utmost power, to fetter and retain !

The Chain will soon be broken ! But what is this

I'm saying ? I forget myself.

(She draws back and covers her face with her hand.)

FIESKO.

You do

Indeed, Signora ! Two sins within a breath;

I scarce know which is least to be forgiven.

The one that challenges Fiesko's taste,

Or that which calls your loveliness in question.

JULIA.

Falsehood's the cunning armoury of Hell,
Fiesko needs not this to conquer Julia!

(After a pause—with solemnity.)

But yet a word, Fiesko! A sketch
Of Woman's character. We're Heroines
When we know our virtue is in safety,
Children when we are called on to defend,
But Furies when we're driven to revenge it.
Oh if you have deceiv'd me! If in cold blood
You have seduc'd my weakness? If this be hard,
Remorseless villainy, and not the impulse
Of a generous passion. Then—then—by Heavens!

FIESKO.

*(Interrupting her and assuming an air of angry
vehemence.)*

Hard, remorseless villainy!
Nay, this is past enduring. Insatiable vanity!
What next would it require, or could it look for?
When man submissive crouches at its feet,
It taxes him with falsehood and unkindness.
But I'd forgot myself.—At length my eyes are open.
What is it, I would thus so meanly sue for?

The greatest favor woman can bestow
But ill deserves man's slightest degradation !

(Bowing to her with cold and formal politeness.)

Take courage, Madam ! You are now in safety !

JULIA.

Heavens, Count, what a construction !

FIESKO *(with the utmost indifference.)*

No, Madam,

You are perfectly correct. I yield to your opinion.

Our mutual honor's certainly at stake.

(Kissing her hand with frosty civility.)

Permit me to conduct you to the company.

(Leading her hastily out.)

JULIA.

Stop, I conjure you, are you mad, Fiesko ?

Must I then openly declare it to you ?

Must I confess what not the wealth of worlds,

Not even the sight of the whole race of man,

In tears, or on their knees, should have extorted ;

What my proud soul would scorn to have betray'd,

Even on the scaffold, or a bed of torture !

Alas ! the heavy gloom that now surrounds us,

Is still too light to hide my burning blushes,

Fiesko! Oh 'tis a dagger in my sex's heart.

My sex at large will censure and despise me.

Eternal hatred rests upon the word,

But I will brave it all——Fiesko!

I——adore you!

(She falls on her knees before him.)

FIESKO.

(Steps back a few paces, and after allowing her to remain in this position for some time bursts out at length into a loud laugh.)

Upon my word that's most unfortunate,

Signora!

(He rings the bell, and raising the Tapestry leads LEONORA forward.)

Behold my wife! An Angel

Of a woman!

(Sinks into her arms.)

JULIA.

(Springing with frantic horror from the ground.)

Oh villainy——unheard of!

SCENE XII.

THE FORMER.—*Enter CONSPIRATORS on the one side—
LADIES and COMPANY on the other.*

LEONORA.

Oh this was too severe, Fiesko.

FIESKO.

So bad a heart
Deserv'd no other treatment. I owed this justice
To your tears. But think not, Gentlemen,
That I am wont to burst into a blaze
On every slight occasion. The follies of the world
Amuse me long, before they irritate me,
But here my indignation is excusable.
This woman has deserv'd my utmost vengeance.
She mix'd this powder for my angel wife!

*(He shews the poison to the assembly, who start back in
silent horror.)*

JULIA *(endeavouring to conceal her fury.)*

'Tis well, Sir! Very well indeed! Good evening, Sir!

(going.)

FIESKO.

(Seizes her by the arm and leads her back into the apartment.)

Have patience, if you please, Madam, we are not

Finished yet. This company would perhaps desire
To know, how I could so belie my character
As to appear enamour'd of a Fool!

JULIA.

This is not to be borne, but learn to tremble, Sir!
Doria commands in Genoa, and Julia——
Is his Sister!

FIESKO.

You are really to be pitied, Signora,
If this be the last effusion of your vengeance.
Unluckily I must inform you,
That your Brother's Diadem is now become
A halter, with which he will atone
For his misconduct, to the State this evening.

(*Observing JULIA turn pale.*)

What! this was unexpected, was it?
On *this* account I found it necessary
To keep your house employed—and draw off
Its attention. On *this* account,
I languished at your feet, affected love,
And went thro' all the mockery of passion.
On *this* account, I let yon jewel fall,

(*Pointing to LEONORA.*)

And fed your vanity while I despised it.

The game ran blindly in the open snare,
Nor learnt its danger, till it lost its safety.
A thousand thanks for all your goodness to me,
At present I've no longer need of it.
Permit me to return the badge with which
You honour'd me.

(Presenting her Miniature.)

My only livery now,
Is—conjugal affection.

LEONORA.

(Hanging on his arm with generous kindness.)

But see she weeps, Fiesko !
Oh let your Leonora intercede for her !

JULIA *(furiously.)*

Be silent, wretch !

FIESKO *(to a Servant.)*

Come, shew your gallantry,
My friend ! Offer her Ladyship your arm.
Convey her to my prison ! Let not a soul
Intrude upon her ! Come quick ! The wind is high
Without there, and the storm, that rives the House
Of Doria to its basis——might discompose——
Her Head-dress !

JULIA (*sobbing.*)

The curse of Heaven light on thee,
Damned hypocrite !

(*Wildly to LEONORA.*)

Rejoice not at thy triumph.
Himself and thee he will destroy, and then—
Despair ! (*Exit.*)

FIESKO (*to his Guests.*)

You've heard the prophecy !
Assist me to avert it. I place my honor
In your hands. You'll call me on the signal !
(*Exeunt GUESTS and CONSPIRATORS.*)

SCENE XIII.

LEONORA.—FIESKO.

LEONORA.

(*Approaching him with tender anxiety.*)

Fiesko ! My Fiesko ! I scarcely comprehend you,
But I begin to tremble !

FIESKO (*significantly.*)

Leonora !

Once I beheld you take the second place,
I saw you yield precedence to another.
It cut me to the heart. My pride resolv'd
It should be so no longer. Henceforth it ceases !
Hear'st thou the warlike tumult in my Castle ?
What you have fear'd—is true. Go to bed, Countess !
When to-morrow dawns, I will awake the—Princess.

LEONORA.

(*clasp ing her hands together and throwing herself into a chair*)

Oh my presentiment ! 'Tis as I fear'd,
And I am lost for ever !

FIESKO (*with dignity.*)

But hear me, Leonora.

Two of my Ancestors have worn the triple Crown.*
The Blood of the Fieskos, only flows
With health and freedom, underneath the Purple.
I must be—a King !
I scorn the borrowed splendours of inheritance,
My Light must be my own ; my Glory—unreflected.
You would not have your Husband, owe his greatness,
To the mere accident of birth and fortune.

* The Crown worn by the Popes at their inauguration.

You would not have me linger on the road,
That leads to Immortality and Honor,
Because Dame Nature in a frolic mood,
Stamp'd me at once with splendors not my own,
And launch'd me into life,——a Count Fiesko.
No, my Leonora!
I am too proud to harbour as a gift,
What my own soul ordains me to accomplish.
To-night, I take my leave of my Forefathers;
Cast back their borrowed Trophies in the grave,
And rise the founder of a race of Princes.
The Counts Lavagna have expired.
Henceforth shall Kings succeed them!

LEONORA.

*(Shaking her head sorrowfully and breaking out with
melancholy wildness.)*

I see him fall beneath a thousand wounds!
I see the mute supporters bear his body,
Cold and disfigur'd to its silent mansion!
I see——*(starting up with frantic horror.)*
Great God, the first, the only shot that's fired,
Flies thro' Fiesko's heart!

FIESKO *(taking her tenderly by the hand.)*

Not so, my Love! Be tranquil!

This first, this only shot, will not molest me!

LEONORA.

And dares Fiesko challenge Heaven so boldly?

Dares he so confidently boast his safety?

Reflect but for a moment!

Were there ten thousand chances in your favor,

And but one solitary cast against you,

Still might that single cast be realized,

And my Fiesko ruined! Fancy the stake were Heaven!

Suppose eternal happiness depended,

Upon a single throw? Say would you shake

The dice, with desperate rashness, and dare

Your great Creator to the contest?

No! no! Fiesko?

When every hope is hazarded at once,

Each cast is Blasphemy—each throw is Ruin!

FIESKO (*smiling.*)

Be not disturbed, I beg you! Fortune and I

Have settled that already!

LEONORA.

Ah! say you so?

And stood you then unmov'd to-night at Faro?

That soul-convulsing game they call amusement.

Saw you not there the sly device of Fortune?

*

How first she flattered—then, betray'd her victim.
Allur'd him with the gift of small successes,
'Till warm with hope and eager for the prize,
He stak'd his all against the pool before him.
Then did you mark the sad reverse he suffer'd?
Desperate and rash, he turned the fatal card,
And sank at once to misery and ruin!
The fickle goddess laughing at his pain,
Flapp'd her light wings and settled on another!
These are the tricks of Fortune! Be prudent,
And avoid them! Think you, Fiesko,
That the Genoese, will in one moment
Idolize and love you? That you need only
Shew yourself to-day, and rise a Prince,
A Demigod to-morrow? Mistrust the pleasing dreams
Of expectation. 'Tis no such easy task,
To wake the cold Republican to life,
Or rouse the slumbering patriot into action.
Habitual Tyranny unmans the soul,
And Freedom droops beneath the wing of power.
Rely not on these Traitors! The wisest
That incite you to the deed, suspect
And fear your greatness. The foolish few that
Idolize your power, tend little to support it,

And whichsoever way I turn my eye,
Is my Fiesko——ruined!

FIESKO.

Away with
All these childish apprehensions! The worst of dangers
Is a little soul. Greatness demands a sacrifice!

LEONORA.

Greatness, Fiesko! Oh be not so blind,
To the warm feelings that inspire my cautions.
Grant, for a moment, that you are successful.
Allowing for an instant, you have conquered!
What would become of me?
Of me, of all my sex the most unhappy.
Wretched if Fortune frowns upon your hopes,
But still more wretched, if her smiles attend them.
Here is no choice, my best lov'd, remaining,
Unless a King—Fiesko must be ruined,
And if a King—Leonora's lost her husband.

FIESKO.

I do not comprehend you.

LEONORA.

Attend a moment!
Amid the stormy regions of a Throne,
The tender plant of Love, declines and withers.

No human heart, and were that heart Fiesko's,
Has room to nourish two almighty passions.
Passions, so much at variance with each other.
Love is compos'd of tears, and understands them.
Ambition's eyes are lead, wherein the dews
Of sympathy ne'er shone, nor soft compassion's gems
Were seen to sparkle. Love has one single good,
One sole desire. The rest of the Creation,
Is as nothing to it. Ambition's fury
Lays all nature waste, and after ravaging
A conquered world, insatiate it pants for more !
Ambition makes a Paradise a Prison,
While Love——converts a Desart to Elysium.
Say on my bosom could you sink to rest,
If some unruly vassal shook your power,
Or hurl'd defiance at your tottering Throne ?
Say, could I fly with transport to your arms,
If the cold drops that damp a Tyrant's brow,
Eternally bedew'd your manly forehead ?
If pale Suspicion sadden'd every hour,
Drove you with wildering fear from room to room,
And led you to expect at every turn
The Bravo's sword or curst Assassin's dagger ?
Yet this were nothing if your Love remained !

But, would the Pleasures of domestic life
Continue undefiled ? Believe me—not—Fiesko.
Dark eyed Mistrust would breathe a pest upon them ;
And when your Leonora's friendly hand,
Prepar'd you drink, or offer'd you refreshment,
You'd start convulsive from the proffer'd bowl,
And stigmatize Affection as a Poisoner.

FIESKO.

*(Who has been moving thoughtfully up and down the room,
stops short with a look of horror and astonishment.)*

Cease, cease, for God's sake, Leonora.
This is too dreadful !

LEONORA.

And yet the picture is not half completed.
Yes, I would tell you " give up Love for Greatness."
Abandon peace and happiness for Honor,
Provided you could still remain, Fiesko.
But here's the dagger that assails my heart !
Seldom do angels mount upon a Throne.
More seldom still continue there, unalter'd.
Say, will the man that needs not fear his fellows,
Will *He*, whose awful nod commands a world,
Who, at each wish, can bid the arm of power
Launch forth its Thunder and enforce submission,

Will *He* consider it as worth his while,
To speak with lenity or act with justice?

(She pauses for a moment, and then stepping up to him with modest dignity, takes him by the hand and continues in a strain of fine severity.)

And what, I ask, are Princes?—

The misform'd produce of aspiring nature,
That aims at more than she can well accomplish.
The sad abortions of a daring soul,
That teems with thoughts, it has not power to utter.
The wild, the frantic frenzies of a brain,
That soars from earth, but cannot reach to heaven!
Unhappy Beings, turbulent, and wicked!

FIESKO (*hurrying with hasty strides about the room.*)

Cease, Cease. It is too late. I've passed the Rubicon!

LEONORA.

And why too late, my husband? 'Tis deeds alone
That are not to be cancelled!

(*With playful tenderness.*)

Not along ago

You swore to me, my charms, had ruined all your plans
And resolutions. 'Twas falsely sworn, dissembler!
Or else these charms have prematurely withered;
Ask your own heart, Fiesko, which is guilty?

(Embracing him with fervor.)

Come, come, collect yourself.

Renounce these dazzling schemes of future greatness.

Love shall indemnify for loss of fame,

And soft affection compensate for glory !

Is my fond heart unable to content you ?

Believe me, you will find the diadem

Too poor to satisfy ambition's wishes ;

It is not half so rich as my affection !

Come, I will learn each wish of your's by heart ;

My only aim shall be to make you happy ;

I'll blend all nature's raptures in a kiss ;

Unite Love's Transports in one fond endearment ;

Lavish at once a thousand joys upon you,

And bind you to my arms with wreaths of roses.

You shall not go, Fiesko !

My flowery chains shall hold the wanderer fast,

And smiling love shall triumph o'er ambition.

FIESKO (strongly affected.)

Oh Leonora ! what have you effected ?

(Sinking subdued upon her neck.)

I yield to your entreaties. They have conquered !

LEONORA (with eager emotion.)

Then let us fly, Fiesko ! Let us leave

The glittering follies of the world behind us.

Let's hasten to the shades of rural life,

In some romantic region seek repose,

And dedicate our hours to joy and love !

(She presses him to her breast with warm enthusiasm.)

Then will our souls unblemish'd by the past,

Be pure and cheerful as the azure heaven ;

No pangs of conscience shall disturb our joys ;

No tears of sorrow shall bedew our pleasures ;

Our hours shall be a series of enjoyment,

And life's calm current, like the limpid stream

That flows in murmuring cadence o'er the valley,

Shall glide in blissful melody along,

And hold its course, undeviating to Heaven !

(At this moment the Gun is heard—FIESKO springs from her embrace—The whole of the CONSPIRATORS enter the Hall.)

CONSPIRATORS.

The hour is come !

FIESKO *(aside to LEONORA.)*

Farewell for ever !

Or to-morrow's dawn, sees Genoa at your mercy.

BOURGONINO.

The Countess faints !

(*They all crowd round LEONORA—FIESKO throws himself at her feet.*)

FIESKO.

Leonora! my Leonora!

Save her, for God's sake, save her!

(*Enter ROSA and BELLA to her assistance.*)

FIESKO.

But softly,

She revives! Again her eyes are open.

(*Springing up heroically.*)

"Then haste and close the door for ever!"

(*The whole of the CONSPIRATORS, FIESKO at their head, draw their swords, and rush with enthusiasm out of the Saloon.*)

The Curtain falls.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Time—Past Midnight.

A large Street in Genoa.—Here and there the Lamps at some Houses are seen burning, but gradually go out.—In the back ground is a view of the St. Thomas Gate, which is closed.—Beyond this again, in perspective, is the Sea.—Several people cross the Stage with Lanterns, &c.—Afterwards the Round and Patroles.—All is quiet.—The Sea alone beats rudely at a distance.

(FIESKO enters in complete Armour, and remains for a short time standing opposite the Duke's Palace.)

FIESKO.

'Tis as the old man told me! The lights extinguished!
All the guards removed! I'll ring the bell.—(ringing.)

Hillo, awake Andreas, awake! Thou'rt sold,
Betray'd and ruin'd! Doria awake, awake!

(ANDREAS *appears at the Balcony.*)

ANDREAS.

Who rang the bell?

FIESKO (*in an altered voice.*)

Ask not, but follow me!

Thy star is faded, Prince! thy sun extinguished!
Genoa rebels against thee! Thy Executioners
Are near at hand, and thou canst sleep, Andreas?

ANDREAS (*with dignity.*)

I remember, when my Bellona struggled
With the waves; the Ocean roar'd in boisterous tempest
Round her; her labouring timbers groaned beneath
The flood, and the big masts roll'd headlong
O'er her quarters, and still——Andreas' slumbers
Were unbroken! Who sends the Executioners?

FIESKO.

A man more dreadful than your roaring ocean,
The Count Lavagna, "Ludowick Fiesko!"

ANDREAS.

You're merry, friend, this evening, but bring your jokes
By day-light. 'Tis now too late to listen to them.

FIESKO.

And dost thou then despise thy Monitor ?

ANDREAS.

Not so. I thank him, and return to bed !

Fiesko's almost drank himself asleep,

And has no time, just now, to think of Doria !

FIESKO.

Unfortunate old man. Trust not the gilded Serpent ;

True his scales glitter, but his tooth is poison.

Seven various colours sparkle on his back

And lure the unwary traveller to destruction.

With eager haste he heedlessly approaches.

Intent he gazes on the speckled folds

That roll in subtle brilliancy around him,

'Till fixed and rooted by the reptile's glance,

He finds too late his error, in his ruin.

Thou wouldst not harken to a traitor's voice,

But listen, listen to a friend's entreaties ;

Contemn not my advice, I do conjure you !

A Horse stands ready saddled in the Court-Yard.

Fly, fly, Andreas, while the power remains you ;

Too soon, 'twill be, too late !

ANDREAS.

Fiesko's heart is noble !

I never injur'd him ! He wont betray me !

FIESKO (*quickly.*)

Yes, yes, his heart is noble ! You never injured him,
And yet betrays you !

ANDREAS.

If so, there stands a Body-Guard
That shall ensure my safety, although Fiesko
Paid a Host of Angels !

FIESKO (*scornfully.*)

I'd like to speak to them ;
I've got some letters for eternity,
And they might carry them

ANDREAS (*with grandeur.*)

Unfeeling Scoffer !

Dost thou not know, Andreas Doria's
Eighty years of age, and Genoa——happy ?

(*He quits the Balcony.*)

FIESKO (*following him with a look of astonishment.*)

And must I first of all o'erthrow this man,
Before I learn, how hard it is to imitate him ?

(*Walking pensively up and down for some moments.*)

But no, I've balanced all his claims upon me,
Greatness has vied with greatness, I've opposed,
To Virtue, Virtue ! and to Honor, Honor !

At length we're quits, Andreas! And now,
Destruction take thy course! My soul's determin'd!
(*He hastens down a side Street.—The Drums beat to arms
from every quarter.—A sharp Engagement at the Thomas
Gate, which is at length burst open and discovers a View
of the Harbour and Shipping, all illuminated!*)

SCENE II.

Enter GIANETTINO DORIA in a scarlet mantle.

LOMELLINO.—SERVANTS *with Torches.*

GIANETTINO (*stopping short.*)

Who bade them beat to arms?

LOMELLIN.

There was a gun,

Fir'd from the Galleys!

GIANETTINO.

Surely the slaves

Have risen in mutiny!

(*Heavy fire at the Thomas Gate.*)

LOMELLIN.

What firing's that, for God's sake?

GIANETTINO.

Ah! The gate burst open! Guards in uproar too!

Quick, quick, and light me to the Harbour.

(They hasten towards the gate.)

SCENE III.

THE FORMER—*Enter BOURGONINO and CONSPIRATORS,
coming from the Thomas Gate.*

BOURGONINO.

Sebastian Leskaro is a gallant Soldier.

ZENTURIONE.

Fought like a Tyger till he fell!

GIANETTINO *(stepping back in the greatest alarm.)*

Ah! what's that I hear! Let's listen!

BOURGONINO.

Who goes there with the flambeau?

LOMELLIN.

My Prince,

They're enemies! Steal off here by the left!

ZENTURIONE.

Stand fast and give the watch-word!

GIANETTINO (*drawing his sword furiously.*)

Subjection and Doria !

BOURGONINO (*advancing in dreadful agitation.*)

Thou robber of my Country and my Bride !

Thus let me vindicate their mutual Honor.

Stir not a step, my countrymen, the fight

Be mine alone ! At length has vice delivered up

Her victim !

(*They fight—GIANETTINO falls.*)

GIANETTINO.

Murder, murder ! Revenge me,

[Lomellin !

LOMELLIN.

Help, help here ! Murder ! murder !

ZENTURIONE.

The wound is mortal ! Make the Count a prisoner.

(*LOMELLIN is taken.*)

LOMELLIN (*on his knees.*)

Oh spare my life, and I will join your party.

BOURGONINO.

And lives this monster yet ? Yon coward may escape !

(*LOMELLIN flies.*)

ZENTURIONE.

The Thomas Gate our own, and Doria lifeless !

Run quick, and give Fiesko the intelligence.

GIANETTINO.

(Raising himself convulsively from the ground.)

Curse——on——Fiesko ! *(dies.)*

BOURGONINO *(drawing his sword from the body.)*

Genoa is free——

And Bertha? Give me your sword, Zenturione !

Go take this blood stain'd steel unto my Bride,

And tell her Bourgonino has avenged her.

I'll follow with the nuptial kiss directly.

(Exeunt hastily different ways.)

SCENE IV.

ANDREAS DORIA.—GERMANS *of the Body Guard.*

1ST GERMAN.

The tumult came from yonder ! Throw yourself quick

On horseback.

ANDREAS.

Let me once more behold,

The Towers of Genoa, and then !——No, it is not

A dream ! Andreas is betray'd !

2ND GERMAN.

Enemies,

On every quarter ! Quick, quick, beyond the frontiers !

ANDREAS.

(Throwing himself on the body of his Nephew.)

Here will I die ! Talk not a soul of fleeing !

Here lies the hope, the solace of my age !

My star has faded ; my career is ended !

(KALKAGNO appears at a distance with CONSPIRATORS.)

1ST GERMAN.

Murder ! murder ! fly, fly, old Prince, for God's sake !

(The drums sound again from all sides.)

ANDREAS.

Hark, hark there, Foreigners !

These are the Genoese whose chains I broke ;

To whom I gave the sweets of liberty.

(Covering his face with his cloak.)

Say, do they thus repay such blessings

In *your* Country ?

2ND GERMAN.

Quick, quick, my Lord, I beg you !

Our German bones shall shield you from these slaves,

And find their swords employment.

(KALKAGNO *approaches.*)

ANDREAS.

Leave me,

And save yourselves ! I claim not your protection !

Go publish to the world what you have seen.

Bid distant nations tremble at the tale !

“ The Genoese rebell’d and slew—their Father !”

1ST GERMAN.

Oh no, my Lord, not quite so bad as that.

Halt there, good comrades. Form a circle round him,

And teach these scoundrels some respect for Virtue !

(*Guard forms quickly round the DUKE. Enter KALKAGNO*

with his party.)

KALKAGNO (*calls aloud.*)

Stand there. What have we here ?

GERMANS (*falling on him sword in hand.*)

Hard knocks and German valour !

.. (*Exeunt fighting.*)

GIANETTINO’s body is borne off.

SCENE V.

*Enter LEONORA in man's clothes.—ARABELLA following her.
Both stealing cautiously across the Stage.*

ARABELLA.

Away, away from here, for God's sake !

LEONORA.

Yonder the tumult rages ! Hark ! was not that

A dying groan that smote me !

(Assuming an air of frenzied wildness.)

See they surround him !

At Fiesko's heart they point their dreadful engines !

The glittering tubes are pregnant with destruction.

Ah ! now they fire ! Hold ! hold ! It is—my Husband !

ARABELLA.

But for Heaven's sake, Signora !

LEONORA *(wildly.)*

Fiesko ! my Fiesko !

See how his coward party ^{lay} ~~leg~~ behind him !

The faith of rebels is not to be trusted !

(In a tone of frantic horror.)

What, is my Husband then a Rebel Chieftain?
Does my Fiesko combat as a Traitor?

ARABELLA.

Not so, Signora; but as Genoa's Patriot,
The first, the foremost of her glorious Sons
That strike for Liberty, and thirst for Honor.

LEONORA (*attentively.*)

Ah! that were something! and did Leonora tremble?
Shall *She* who glories in Lavagna's name,
Who proudly calls the great Fiesko, Husband,
Shall *She*, unmindful of her Hero's fame,
Oppose his courage with a woman's weakness?
No, I will rise superior to my sex,
I'll hail the Patriot with a Heroine's ardour;
No foolish tears shall damp the joys of conquest,
With eager zeal I'll clasp him in my arms,
And catch the fire that animates his bosom.
When Men contend for kingdoms, Arabella!
'Tis ours to imitate the great example.
My spirit glows with ardour not its own,
And longs to enter in the lists of glory.

(*The Drums are again heard from all quarters.*)

Hark! Hark! I'm summoned to the martial scene;
Yon sound is music to my ears! Farewell!

I'll dare the combat.

ARABELLA (*clasp ing her hands together.*)

Merciful Heaven !

LEONORA.

Softly, what have we here ?

(*Stumbling over GIANETTINO'S cloak.*)

A hat and mantle !

Ah ! a sword too, Bella !—(*raising it*)—a heavy sword ;

But I will strive to wield it. The sword at least

Will not disgrace its wearer.

(*The alarm is again sounded.*)

ARABELLA.

Listen, for God's sake !

What peals of thunder roar from every quarter !

Have mercy, Heaven ! How dreadful !

LEONORA (*in frenzied ecstasy.*)

Say rather how enchanting !

'Tis in that thunder, that Fiesko speaks,

'Tis now Lavagna communes with his Country !

Hurrah ! Were music never half so sweet !

E'en in these Drums I recognize his voice,

And hail the first-born sounds of rising Freedom.

Heavens, how my bosom glows with patriot zeal,

How my flush'd cheek is crimson'd o'er with conquest.

Genoa is free, and my Fiesko triumphs !
But say—shall hirelings only claim his praise ;
Shall mere Adventurers partake his glory ?
No ! Leonora's self shall dare the war,
And learn to bleed for Freedom and her Country.
Returning then—I'll challenge his applause ;
My Hero shall embrace a Heroine !
My Brutus, clasp a Roman to his bosom.
(*Putting on the hat and throwing the scarlet mantle round her.*)
Behold me ! I am—Portia !

ARABELLA.

Great God ! You know not
What you do, Signora ! Surely you rave !
(*The alarm continues.*)

LEONORA.

Poor wretch !
And canst thou listen to th' inspiring sounds,
And not partake my frenzy ?
The very Stones are wet with silent tears
Because they cannot spring and join Fiesko.
The very Palaces upbraid their Founders
For fixing them so firmly in the earth,
Because they cannot rush to do him homage.
The Shores themselves lament the Law of Nature

That binds them to confine the raging ocean;
Fain would these barriers forsake their station,
Abandon Genoa's Glories to the deep,
And dance attendance on Fiesko's banners!
Why Death himself accompanies his progress!
Fiesko's Drums have scared him from the grave,
And forced him to partake his toils and glory.
And thou art still afraid! Begone then,
I will find the way myself.

ARABELLA.

Great God! you would not surely
Act so madly.

LEONORA (*with pride and heroism.*)

By Heavens 'tis my intention.
Yes, where the dreadful tumult fiercest rages,
Where my Fiesko's self spreads terror round him.
Thither I'll bend my steps and share his glory.
Methinks I hear them ask—Is that Lavagna?
Is that the man whom none must hope to conquer,
Whose Eye is lightning, and whose Arm is ruin?
Who rears the avenging steel in Genoa's cause,
And nobly triumphs for his Country's Freedom?
Yes, Genoese, I answer—"That's Lavagna!
"That's Genoa's mightiest Man!

"His Country's Saviour—and—

"Leonora's Husband!"

(*Enter SACCO and CONSPIRATORS.*)

SACCO (*challenges.*)

Who goes there? Doria or Fiesko!

LEONORA (*with enthusiasm.*)

Freedom and Fiesko!

(*She hastens down one of the streets—Tumult on the stage—*

ARABELLA is carried off the opposite way.)

SCENE VI.

Enter SACCO.—KALKAGNO with their Parties meeting.

KALKAGNO.

Andreas has escaped!

SACCO.

Ah! you'd better not tell that Fiesko. He'll scarcely thank you for the news.

KALKAGNO.

These Germans fought like bears, planted themselves like rocks around the old man. I did not even get a glimpse of him. Nine of my party are no more. Myself am wounded

in the ear. Heavens! if they thus contend for foreign Tyrants, how must these fellows guard their native Princes?

SACCO.

Oh never mind! our faction strengthens, and the gates are carried!

KALKAGNO.

I hear they fight with vigour in the Citadel.

SACCO.

Bourgonino is among them. But where's Verrina?

KALKAGNO.

He guards the harbour like a second Cerberus. Not even a fishing smack can pass.

SACCO.

I'll go and take possession of the suburbs.

KALKAGNO.

And I'll march quickly to the market place. Strike up there drummer! *(Exeunt severally.)*

SCENE VII.

THE MOOR—*A gang of Thieves with matches, linstocks, &c.*

MOOR.

You must know, my-lads! I am the man that raised this glorious ferment, tho' now they w'ont admit me to a share

of it. But I'll be even with them. We'll burn and plunder every place we meet with. While they're disputing who shall steal the Dukedom, let you and I agree to rob the churches. Come, come, be quick my boys. By Heavens we'll make a bonfire on the Altars, shall warm the frozen Saints and old Apostles !

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VIII.

Enter BOURGONINO—BERTHA, disguised in Boy's clothes.

BOURGONINO.

Rest here awhile good youth ! Thou art in safety.
Bleed'st thou ?

BERTHA (*in an altered voice.*)

Oh no where !

BOURGONINO (*with animation.*)

Oh fie, not bleed my boy.

Come with me quickly. I'll lead you to the spot,
Where wounds are purchas'd, (aye, gladly purchas'd,)
In the cause of Freedom. Like this for instance.

(*Uncovering his arm.*)

BERTHA (*starting back.*)

Oh Heavens !

BOURGONINO.

What, art thou frighten'd, little one ?

It seems thou'st grown too quickly into manhood,
Thy spirit lags behind thy years. How old art thou ?

BERTHA.

Fifteen.

BOURGONINO.

Too young by five good years for such
A night as this. Thy father ?

BERTHA.

The worthiest Citizen

In Genoa.

BOURGONINO.

Softly, good youth, there is but one
That may deserve that title. His daughter
Is my Bride. Know'st thou Verrina's house ?

BERTHA.

Methinks indeed ?

BOURGONINO (*impatiently.*)

Art thou acquainted with
His lovely daughter ?

BERTHA.

Her name is Bertha.

BOURGONINO (*with fire.*)

Fly quick, deliver her this ring. It is the pledge
Of marriage, and affection ; you'll tell her so,
And say, the Crimson Plume waves freshly and is well !
Adieu, good youth, I must be gone, the tumult
Seems to thicken in yon quarter.

*(Several houses are seen burning.)*BERTHA (*calling after him in a soft voice.*)

Scipio !

BOURGONINO (*stopping suddenly.*)

Now, by my sword, methinks I know that voice.

BERTHA (*falling on his neck.*)

Now, by my heart, methinks you can't mistake it.

BOURGONINO.

Bertha !

*(At this moment the assault is sounded in the suburbs.—**Crowd and tumult on the stage.—BOURGONINO carries off**BERTHA in his arms.)*

SCENE IX.

Enter hastily FIESKO—ZIBO—FOLLOWERS.

FIESKO.

Who kindled the fire yonder?

ZIBO.

The Citadel is carried.

FIESKO.

Who kindled the fire, I ask?

ZIBO (*winks to the Soldiers.*)

Patroles immediately after the delinquent!

FIESKO (*passionately.*)

What, would you make me an incendiary?

A common plunderer; a night assassin?

Quick there with water engines. But are you *sure*

That Gianettino's fallen?

ZIBO.

They say so!

FIESKO (*wildly.*)

They say so only! Who is it only says so?

I charge you Zibo on your Honor tell me,

Has he escaped?

ZIBO (*seriously.*)

If I may believe my eyes,
In preference to a nobleman's assertions,
Then—Gianettino lives !

FIESKO (*furiously.*)

By Heavens, Zibo,
Your Eyes will prove the losing of your Head.

ZIBO.

Nay more I tell you—I saw him not eight minutes since,
Alive and well, dressed in a yellow plume
And scarlet mantle !

FIESKO.

Hell and damnation !

I'll shorten Bourgonino by the neck !
Fly quick for God's sake ! Let the Town Gates
Be shut immediately ! Stop all the Boats,
That not a single Ferry quit the Harbour !
He sha'nt get off by water !
Here take this diamond, Zibo, the richest
To be found in Genoa, or in Venice !
His be the prize who first shall bring me word,
That Doria is no more ! Be quick as lightning !

(*Exit ZIBO.*)

SCENE X.

Enter SACCO.—THE MOOR.—SOLDIERS.

SACCO.

We found this Moor setting fire to the Jesuit's College.

FIESKO.

I forgave your treachery, scoundrel, because it concerned myself; but this deserves a halter. Hang him up instantly before the Gate.

MOOR.

Fie! Fie! this comes unseasonably. Will nothing induce you to commute the punishment?

FIESKO.

Nothing.

MOOR.

Try me for a few weeks in the Galleys.

FIESKO (*winks to the Soldiers.*)

The Gallows rather! Away with him directly!

MOOR.

At least you'll send me drunk into eternity.

FIESKO.

Sober, I promise you!

MOOR.

But you w'ont hang me surely near a Christian Church?

FIESKO.

Yes, by my honor! I told you, you should have a Gallows of your own. A Knight must keep his word!

SACCO (*grumbling.*)

Come, come! No preaching, Pagan. We've something else to do.

MOOR.

But wait one moment! What if the halter breaks?

FIESKO (*to SACCO.*)

You'll double it.

MOOR.

So be it then—and now the Devil look out for old acquaintance!

(*Exit with the Soldiers who hang him up at a distance.*)

SCENE XI.

FIESKO.—LEONORA *appears in the back-ground, disguised in GIANETTINO's hat and mantle.*—FIESKO *observing her, starts back, then advances towards her.*

FIESKO.

Surely to God, I know that plume and mantle!

(Hastening nearer.)

Yes, yes, the yellow plume and scarlet mantle !

(He rushes furiously forwards and hews her down.)

(In a dreadful voice.)

If thou hast yet another life to lose,

Arise again and wander !

(LEONORA falls with a piercing shriek.—Triumphal March is heard.—Drums, Horns, and Haut-boys.)

Enter SACCO.—KALKAGNO.—ZIBO.—ZENTURIONE.

Music.—Colours.—Soldiers.

FIESKO *(meeting them with exultation.)*

The dye is cast, my Countrymen ! The victory is our's !

Here lies the worm, that prey'd upon my vitals !

The relicts of my hatred and revenge !

Lift high your swords ! Behold—'tis Gianettino !

KALKAGNO.

I come to tell you, that two-thirds

Of Genoa's citizens embrace your Party,

And swear allegiance to Fiesco's banners !

ZIBO.

And I, to offer you Verrina's greeting.

He sends me to you from the Admiral's ship ;

The Harbour and the Ocean are your own.

ZENTURIONE.

Through me, the Governor of the City
Presents his Staff of Office, and the Keys to you !

SACCO.

And in me, (*throwing himself at his feet.*)
The whole Republic kneels before you,
And humbly sues for favor and for mercy !

KALKAGNO.

Let *me* be first, to bid the Conqueror "Welcome."
Sink low the standards ! Bid the trumpets sound !
All hail, Fiesko ! Hail the Duke of Genoa !

OMNES (*taking off their hats.*)

All hail, Fiesko ! Hail the Duke of Genoa !
(*FIESKO during the whole of this scene, has been standing in
a pensive posture, his head declined upon his breast.*)

KALKAGNO.

The People and the Senate wait for you !
They long to offer you, their salutations,
And view their Sovereign in the regal Purple.
Permit us, noble Duke, to attend you
In triumph to the Signoria !

FIESKO.

A moment's pause, my Friends ! I've yet a short account
To settle with my heart ! A certain person

Whom I left at home, in all the tortures
Of suspense and fondness, must share my glory
And partake my joys.

(In a tone of tenderness.)

Have the goodness
To accompany me to your charming Dutchess !
(Going.)

KALKAGNO.

But shall we leave the Tyrant's corse behind,
To moulder in obscurity? This corner would conceal
Its infamy. It must not rot in darkness !
We'll shew it to the People !

ZENTURIONE.

Fix his head
Upon a halbert !

ZIBO.

Let his mangled trunk
Be dragged along the pavement !

(Soldiers approach the Body with Torches.)

KALKAGNO.

But ah ! Look here,
My Countrymen ! By Heavens this is not
A Gianettino's visage !
(They all contemplate the Body in silent horror.—FIESKO

stops suddenly, casts a piercing look upon it. His features grow convulsed!—His eye is fixed and motionless.—His whole appearance expressive of guilt, horror, and amazement.)

FIESKO.

No! Spirits of the damned! Infernal demons!

No! It is not a Gianettino's visage!

(Rolling his eyes around in frantic wildness.)

Genoa mine, said you! Mine! Oh! mockery

Of Hell! It is my wife!

(He falls motionless to the ground.—The CONSPIRATORS stand around in silent groups of horror and amazement.—An awful pause.)

FIESKO raising himself weak and exhausted from the ground,
(in a hollow voice,)

But tell me truly, Genoese?

Is it *indeed* my wife that I have murdered?

Oh I conjure you turn your eyes away!

Look not so ghastly pale upon the scene before you.

Thank Heaven there are some destinies too dreadful,

For Fate to realize, or Man to suffer!

This must be one of them! The soul may be denied

An Angel's bliss, without being harrow'd

With a Demon's torture; this error would prove more!

(*With dreadful composure.*)

Praise be to God, my Countrymen, it cannot be !
It is impossible !

SCENE XII.

THE FORMER.—*Enter ARABELLA crying.*

ARABELLA.

And let them kill me ! What have I now to lose ?
Have mercy, Men, for God's sake ; I left my mistress
Here, and now I cannot find her any where.

FIESKO (*stepping up to her in a low and faltering voice.*)

Was your Lady's name Leonora ?

ARABELLA (*joyfully.*)

Oh ! is that you,

My dear good Master ? You must not blame us.

We could *not* prevent her.

FIESKO (*eagerly.*)

From what ?

ARABELLA.

From following you.

FIESKO (*violently.*)

Whither?

ARABELLA.

Amid the crowd.

FIESKO (*furiously.*)

A curse light on thy tongue! Her dress?

ARABELLA.

A scarlet mantle.

FIESKO (*staggering with frantic fury towards her.*)

Go in the ninth abyss of hell!

The Mantle?

ARABELLA.

Lay here upon the ground.

SEVERAL CONSPIRATORS (*murmuring.*)

'Twas here Gianettino Doria was killed!

FIESKO (*pale and trembling to ARABELLA.*)

Be tranquil. We have found her!

(*He rolls his eye in ghastly agony around him.—Then in a low and broken voice that rises by degrees to vehemence.*)

'Tis true! too true! and I myself the author of the deed,

The victim of delusion, and damnation!

(*Hewing about him furiously with his sword.*)

Back! back, ye human countenances!

'Tis not a sight for mortal man to witness!

(*Lifting his eyes to Heaven, and grinding his teeth in agony and despair.*)

Oh! that I had *His* sphere between these teeth,
I'd grind the mighty fabric into dust,
And make Creation's self a prey to my misfortunes!

(*Turning to the assembly.*)

Poor trembling wretches! how ye stand aghast!
And bless yourselves that ye are not as—I am.
Yea—as—I—am!

(*Sinking in a tone of deep despondency.*)

'Twas I—'twas I *alone*,
That did the deed, but wherefore—I *alone*?
Why were not *these* concern'd in it?
Why is my bleeding heart denied the balm
Of having one sad partner in affliction?

KALKAGNO (*fearfully.*)

My dearest Sovereign!

FIESKO (*seizing him with horrid transport.*)

Ah! welcome friend! here God be praised, is *One*,
Who feels the thunder's crash, and shares my tortures.

(*Pressing him wildly to his bosom.*)

Blest be the link of misery that unites us!
Welcome thou brother martyr in affliction!
Welcome to all the horrors of damnation!

Much good may it afford thee !

Yes She is dead ! And *Thou* hast likewise loved her !

(*He drags him to the corpse and forces his head down to it.*)

Behold her and despair ! She's gone for ever !

Oh that I stood before the gates of Hell,

And at one glance could witness all its tortures !

Oh that my ears were deafen'd with the shrieks

Of damned souls that howl amid perdition !

If I could see the limits of my fate,

Perchance I might endure it.

(*Approaching the corpse in fearful agitation.*)

Behold——My wife——

Lies——murdered ! Ah ! that is nothing,

Let me finish it.

(*With dreadful emphasis.*)

Lies murdered——by her Husband !

Oh I defy the Powers of misery, the Archfiend himself,

To conjure up another pang like this one.

It is the cunningest of hell's devices.

First I am rais'd to pleasure's highest pitch,

Plac'd on the pinnacle of hope's desires,

Lur'd to the very threshold of delight,

And *then*, dash'd headlong down,

In the deep gulf of horror and repentance !

Oh that my breath could breathe a pest among ye !

Then am I made the murderer of my wife !

Nay, even worse than that. Then—(*in a tone of contempt*)

Then do these eyes

Commit an oversight, and my own sword

Is buried in her bosom !

(*Laughing bitterly.*)

This is a master-piece !

(*The whole of the CONSPIRATORS lean pensively on their weapons.—Several wipe the tears from their eyes.—A pause of some moments.—FIESKO, weak and exhausted, contemplating the assembly.*)

And is there any here that sorrows for Fiesko ?

Yes, yes, by Heavens ! a Prince's Murderers weep,

But wherefore do ye weep my Countrymen ?

Is it Death's sacrilege, (*pointing to the body.*)

That wakes your pity ?

Or weep ye to behold Ambition's fall ?

(*Bending over the body in an attitude of tenderest sympathy.*)

Forgive me, Leonora ! Repentance comes too late.

I cannot weep !

When the hard hearts of murderers melt in pity,

Fiesko's noblest sorrow is——despair !

(Sinking down by the body, and proceeding in a tone of softest tenderness.)

And is it come to this? Years in advance
I pictur'd to myself the blessed hour,
When I should shew the Genoese, their Princess.
Years in advance, I painted to my heart,
The rising blush that would suffuse thy cheek,
The soft emotions that would fill thy bosom.
Methought I heard thy sweetly lispings voice,
In gentlest accents, chide Fiesko's pride,
And modestly decline Imperial Honors!

(Springing up with fervor.)

Heavens! how I gloried in a Prince's name,
How the proud Title swell'd my inmost soul,
Fill'd my big heart and magnified my being!
Leonora! at length the hour is come!
Lavagna triumphs! Thy Fiesko, reigns!
Genoa is mine!—And the poor Wretch,
That begs from door to door, would scruple
To exchange his fortunes with me; would balance
To lay down his tatter'd weeds, and take
Fiesko's anguish, with his Purple.

(Strongly affected.)

A wife partakes *his* sorrows! But who have I,

To share *my* glories, and partake my joys ?

(He bursts into tears and hides his face upon the body.)

KALKAGNO.

She was indeed a noble lady !

ZIBO.

Be cautious how you let the people hear it,
"Twould take away the courage of our friends,
And raise the spirits of Andreas' party.

FIESKO *(rising collectedly and with resolution.)*

Attend, my Countrymen !

If right I understand the will of Heaven,
This wound was given to prove Fiesko's heart,
And make a trial of its strength and greatness.
The test was dreadful, but I have withstood it.
Henceforth nor joy nor torment can affect me,
I laugh at transport, I defy misfortune !
My soul is ready to embrace its greatness.
Said you not Genoa waits me ? Come then my friends,
I will present my country with a Prince,
Such as no power in Europe yet could boast of.
Come, I will prove deserving of a Throne,
And answer every wish your hearts desire !
Adieu ! poor luckless Princess ! The last sad honors,
We can give, be paid thee ! I'll celebrate

Thy funeral with such pomp, that Life shall lose
Its votaries and admirers, and Death appear,
Apparel'd like a bride !

Now follow me, my Countrymen !

(Exeunt amid martial music)

SCENE XIII.

ANDREAS DORIA.—LOMELLIN.

ANDREAS.

Hear'st thou those shouts of triumph ?

LOMELLIN.

Their success

Has blinded them, the gates are left defenceless.

The people rush in crowds to the Signoria !

ANDREAS.

Did you mark how my steed started

At my Nephew's body ? Yes, yes, it is too true !

My Nephew is no more ! Hark ye, Lomellin !

LOMELLIN.

What say you, Duke? Surely you do not *still*
Encourage *Hope*?

ANDREAS (*earnestly.*)

How dar'st thou sport
With my misfortunes? It is a mockery
To call me, Duke, and yet deny me, Hope!

LOMELLIN.

But only think, my Lord! A raging nation,
In Fiesko's scale, what counterpoise in yours?

ANDREAS (*warm and with dignity.*)

My trust in Heaven!

LOMELLIN.

Angels have ceas'd to fight,
Since powder was invented!

ANDREAS.

Poor wretched miscreant!
Would'st thou take away, the last support these
Silver hairs have left them, dependance on their God?

(*In a commanding tone.*)

Go! make it known that yet Andreas lives,
Say, "He entreats his children to protect him,
"And not to drive him in his eightieth year,
"To seek for shelter in a land of strangers;

" Strangers, who hate him for the pride and power,

" To which he has raised his country !

" Say, he petitions for a little earth

" To cover his old bones, and humbly craves

" A tomb's last refuge in his Country's bosom !"

They surely won't refuse him !

LOMELLIN.

I obey you—but—despair !

ANDREAS.

And here, take with you this pale silver lock,

The last my sorrows and my years had left me !

Tell them, it parted from Andreas' head,

In the third night of January, even

In the self-same hour, when faithless Genoa

Parted from his heart ! Say, that it held

For fourscore tedious years, nor broke—

Till Genoa's sons——rebelled against their father !

The lock is old and weakly, but strong enough

To bind the youthful Emperor's flowing Purple !

(He covers his face with his hands and moves slowly and sorrowfully off the stage.—LOMELLIN hastens down an opposite street.—Loud shouts of triumph, amid horns, hautboys, and trumpets, are heard at a distance.)

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SCENE XIV.

*Enter VERRINA coming from the Harbour.—BERTHA and
BOURGONINO.*

VERRINA.

What means this shouting?

BOURGONINO.

I fear me they salute Fiesco—Duke!

BERTHA (*anxiously to BOURGONINO.*)

Oh Scipio, mark but my father's countenance, how
dreadful!

VERRINA.

Leave me a moment, children! Oh Genoa! Genoa!

BOURGONINO.

Alas! it is too true! The People worship him. I heard
them clamorously demand "the Purple," while the Nobility
looked on aghast, and durst not say a word.

VERRINA.

My Son! I have converted all my effects to cash, and
ordered it on board your vessel. Take your wife with you,
and put immediately to sea! Perhaps—I may follow you!

Peshaps—not ! You'll steer directly for Marseilles, and
(*pressing them sorrowfully to his heart*) the God of Heaven
protect and make you happy !

(*He hurries off in great agitation.*)

BERTHA.

Merciful Heaven ! What can my Father mean ?

BOURGONINO.

Methinks he spoke full plainly !

BERTHA.

What—Fly to night ! the evening of our nuptials !

BOURGONINO.

'Twas so he ordered it, and we—obey him !

(*Exeunt towards the Harbour.*)

SCENE XV.

*Enter VERRINA and FIESKO meeting each other, both in
Armour.*

FIESKO has on the Insignia of Royalty.

FIESKO.

Well met, Verrina ! I was looking for you !

VERRINA.

That was precisely *my* employment.

FIESKO.

Does Verrina

Observe no alteration in his Friend?

VERRINA (*pausing.*)

I wish for none!

FIESKO.

But tell me—See'st thou none?

VERRINA (*without looking at him.*)

I should hope—not!

FIESKO.

Nay, but I ask you. Find'st thou really none?

VERRINA (*after a careless glance.*)

I find not any!

FIESKO.

Why then it's true, you see,

Power does not always constitute a Tyrant.

Since last we parted, Fiesko has been raised

To Genoa's Dukedom, and yet Verrina,

(*Pressing him in his arms.*)

Thou find'st that my embrace is warm as ever!

VERRINA.

The greater pity that I can't return it!

My heart but offers you a frosty welcome.
I cannot greet you as I used to do.
The Hand of Power has torn the Web of Friendship !
We are no longer equals. I scarce can bear to look at you.
The very sight of Royalty congeals me ;
'Tis like a mound of ice upon my breast ;
The glow of honest Feeling is extinguish'd,
And nought but cold servility remains.
As plain Fiesko ! I admired and loved you !
Fiesko held possessions in my heart,
But there's no room in it for Genoa's Sovereign !
Henceforth I'll keep it to myself !

FIESKO.

Forbid it Heaven !

I'd scarcely purchase Empire on the terms.

VERRINA.

And pray is Freedom then so cheap a blessing,
Or is it sold at such an abject rate,
That Vice should barter it, and Gold procure it ?

FIESKO.

Old Man ! Say *that* to no one but Fiesko !

VERRINA.

Right, right ! 'tis given to few, to hear
The truth with patience. I thank ye for the caution !

This liberty of speech might prove my ruin !
But one thing, let me tell you: The best of players
May mistake a card ! I fear me this is your case !
You've calculated all the powers of Envy,
But one thing you've unluckily forgotten,
And that's——the Force of Virtue !
The Man who forges chains for liberty,
Should stand prepared to meet the Patriot's vengeance.
For my own part, I swear by Earth and Heaven !
Before posterity shall find my corpse
Interr'd beneath the soil of monarchy,
The Friends of Freedom shall collect my bones
In triumph from the wheel !

FIESKO (*taking him tenderly by the hand.*)

What, Verrina !

Not when your Sovereign is your Friend and Brother !
Not when his only aim is Genoa's glory !
Not when he makes his dignity, the means
Of wide benevolence and public good ?

VERRINA.

No ! Not even then ! The thief who plunders
To enrich another, is just as much a thief,
As he who steals, to aggrandize himself ;
They *both* deserve the gallows ! Besides in this case

All your proffer'd good were lost upon Verrina.
How could he accept it? When we were Fellow Citizens,
I might have vied with you in acts of kindness ;
It would have been my pleasure to receive,
Because I had—the power, to return them.
But now it is too late ! We are no longer equals !
The favors of a Prince, are acts of grace,
And God alone is gracious !

FIESKO (*impatiently.*)

One might as soon attempt to separate
The shores of Genoa from th' Italian sea,
As try to overturn this madman's theory !

VERRINA (*sarcastically.*)

And yet your talent lies in overturning,

(*with deep solemnity.*)

For thou hast overturn'd thy Country's freedom !
But enough of this ! Let's change the subject.
Pray may I ask you for what vile offence,
You order'd yon poor devil to be hang'd,
Close to the Jesuit's College ?

FIESKO.

The scoundrel set the town on fire !

VERRINA.

Yes, but the scoundrel left the laws uninjur'd !

FIESKO.

Verrina! You forget yourself! Do not presume
Too much upon my friendship!

VERRINA.

Away with friendship!

'Tis an empty name! I own the tie no longer!
I tell you once again, I do not love you!
Nay more! I swear, I hate you! yes, hate you,
As the worm of Paradise, that, in the Serpent's guise,
With envious tooth infected the Creation's
Fairest fruit, and robbed the first-born
Of primeval Virtue! Hear me, Fiesko,
Not as friend to friend, not, Slave to Monarch,
But as, Man to Man, do I address you!

(With fervor and severity.)

Thou hast attack'd the Majesty of Heaven,
By listing Virtue in the cause of Vice,
And arming Patriots, to betray their Country!
Could my weak soul, so far forget its duty,
As to remain unmov'd at such deceit,
Or sanction, thro' vile fear, the damn'd imposture,
By Heavens! I'd plunge a dagger in my heart,
And spurn the recreant spirit from my bosom!
The crime thou hast committed, is beyond

The power of Man to punish or conceive ;
But it has outrag'd Heaven ! and Heaven's last judgment
Will, I hope, reward thee !

*(FIESKO starts from him with horror, and remains some
time contemplating him with speechless astonishment.)*

VERRINA.

Bethink thee of no answer !

At present I have done !

(After walking pensively up and down for some moments.)

Illustrious Sovereign ! In the Despot's ships
That yesterday possess'd the sway in Genoa,
I form'd acquaintance with a band of Miserables,
Whose fate has chain'd them to the labouring oar,
And render'd life, another term for sorrow.
Year after year they toil ! The morning's dawn,
Awakes to active misery, while the evening's shade
Consigns to silent sorrow ! The Sea receives their tears,
But, like a great man, hurries careless on,
Nor heeds the falling tribute of misfortune !
A virtuous Prince begins his Reign with clemency.
Will you resolve to give the Slaves their freedom ?

FIESKO *(fixing his eyes upon him stedfastly and in
a tone of sharp severity.)*

Be these the first fruits of my Tyranny !

Go and proclaim to them that they *are* free !

VERRINA.

But this were only doing things by halves,
You must not lose their transport ! Try once and give yourself.
The Great are by so seldom at the ill,
Which they commit, that it were wrong,
To do good deeds in darkness. Believe me, Prince,
The greatest pleasure of a Monarch's soul,
Should be—a Wretch's Joy !

FIESKO.

Man ! Thou art terrible !

And yet I know not why—but I must follow thee !

(Both go towards the sea.)

VERRINA.

(Stops suddenly and looking at him with the tenderest affection, bursts into tears.)

But once again ! embrace me, my Fiesko,
Here's no one here, observes Verrina weep,
Or sees a Monarch feel !

(Pressing him ardently to his bosom.)

Surely were never yet

Two greater hearts, that beat in stricter unison
Together ! We loved each other with such warm esteem,
Such brotherly affection !

(Hanging on his neck.)

Oh Fiesko !

Thou leav'st a vacancy within my breast,
Which the whole human race thrice over told
Must strive in vain to fill !

FIESKO.

Be——my——friend !

VERRINA.

Cast off this ugly Purple, and I am so !
The first Prince was a Murderer,
And sought beneath this colour to conceal,
The bloody deed that rais'd him to the Throne.
Hear me, Fiesko ! I was bred a Soldier !
Wet cheeks but ill become me !
I am not used to weep ! and yet behold these tears.
They are my first—Fiesko ! I implore you !
Cast away the Purple !

FIESKO.

Be silent !

VERRINA *(with increased vehemence.)*

Fiesko !

Shew me on this side all the joys of Heaven,
Scare me on that with all the pangs of Hell,
And bid me kneel before a human being,

I'd scorn the suppliant posture ! And yet Fiesko !

(Throwing himself down before him.)

Behold Verrina at your feet ! Fiesko, I conjure you !

Cast away the Purple !

FIESKO.

Arise Verrina,

Nor provoke me more !

VERRINA.

I rise dread Sovereign !

Nor provoke you more !

(They are standing on a plank that leads to one of the Gallies.)

VERRINA.

The Prince has the precedence !

FIESKO.

Why do'st thou pull my cloak so forcibly ?

'Twill fall, Verrina !

VERRINA *(in a dreadful voice.)*

Nay if the Purple falls,

'Tis fit the Prince should follow !

(He plunges him headlong into the sea.)

FIESKO *(in the waves.)*

Help ! Genoa help !

Assistance to thy Sovereign ! *(Sinks.)*

Enter hastily KALKAGNO.—ZIBO.—ZENTURIONE.—

CONSPIRATORS.—PEOPLE, &c.

KALKAGNO.

Fiesko! Fiesko! Andreas is returned!

Half Genoa flies to join him!

Where is Fiesko?

VERRINA (*in a resolute tone.*)

Drowning!

ZIBO.

Does Hell or Bedlam answer?

VERRINA.

Neither, Friend! Drown'd,—if you like it better.

I go to ~~join~~ Andreas!

(*Exit* VERRINA.)

The whole remain standing petrified with astonishment.—

While the curtain slowly falls.)

THE END.

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